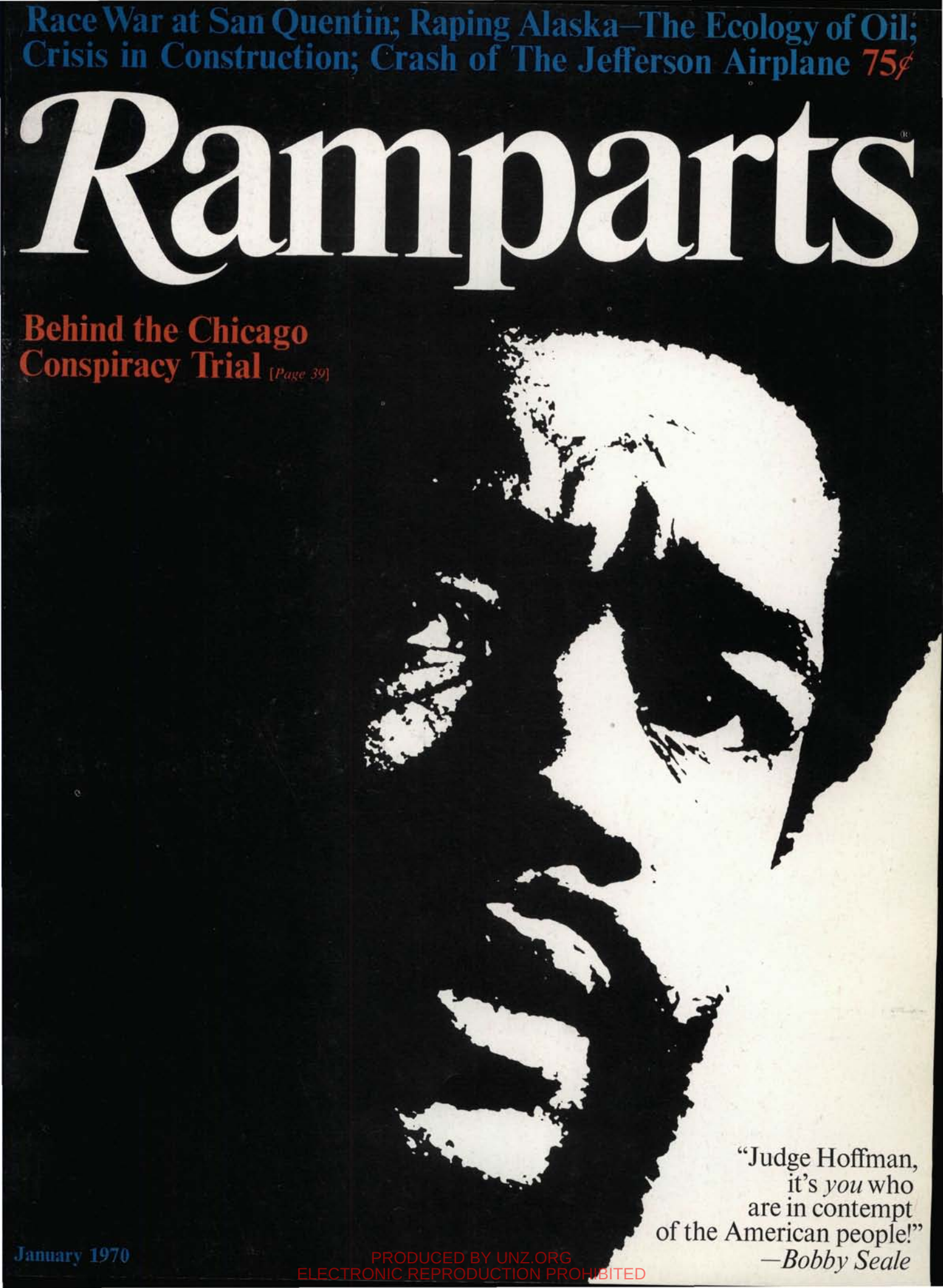
Race War at San Quentin; Raping Alaska—The Ecology of Oil; Crisis in Construction; Crash of The Jefferson Airplane 75¢

Ramparts

Behind the Chicago Conspiracy Trial [Page 39]



"Judge Hoffman, it's *you* who are in contempt of the American people!"
—*Bobby Seale*

January 1970

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAST HOPE CA49 B/L

THE TOUCH CA47 B/L

THE FALL CA41 B/L

TAKE TIME CA62 B/W

THE GUARD CA48 B/L

DREAM OF ME CA28 B/L

NEW HORIZONS CA31 B/L

WAR IS NOT HEALTHY D2

MAN ON MOON CA55

FULL COLOR 2 feet x 3 feet $2.00 SOME BLACK LIGHT RESPONSIVE

RENAISSANCE CA601

CELESTIAL ARTS

AMERICA'S FINEST POSTERS

SPACE SHIP EARTH CA54

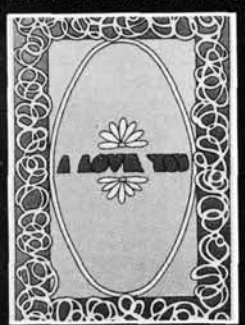
SPECIAL 5 for $9.95 — 10 for $18.88

TODAY CA45 GOLD & BLACK

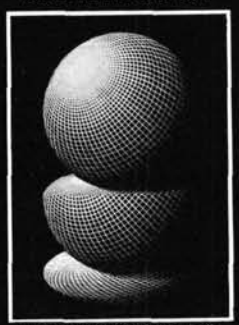
NIGHT MARE CA24 B/L

MOTHER EARTH CA23 B/L

THE KEY CA3 B/L



I LOVE YOU CA26 B/L



THE SPHERES S508 B/L

BIG SUR CA5 B/L

CALIFORNIA CA52 B/W

CELESTIAL ARTS — 1345 HOWARD SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

CA49	CA47	CA41	CA62	CA48	CA28
CA31	D2	CA55	CA601	CA54	CA45
CA24	CA23	CA3	CA26	S508	CA5
CA52					

Send reproductions checked. Check or money order enclosed for $____, plus 50c for postage and handling.

Specials 5 for $9.95 and 10 for $18.88. Postage prepaid.

B/L indicates Black Light responsive
B/W indicates Black and White Duotone

Name.....

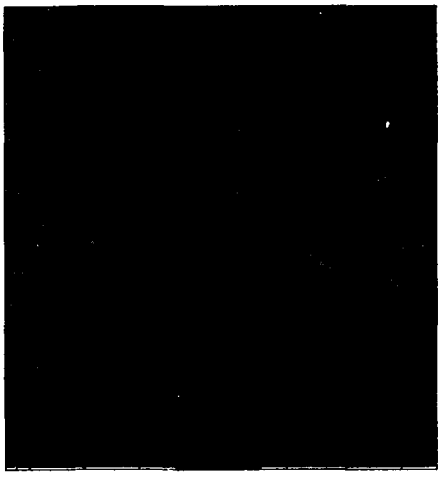
Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

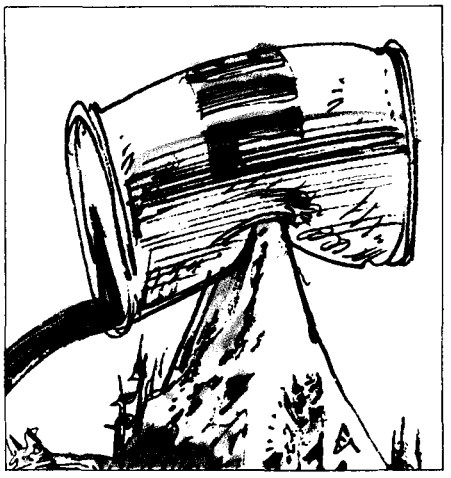
California residents add 5% sales tax. Dealers or Reps. please inquire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leading Articles:

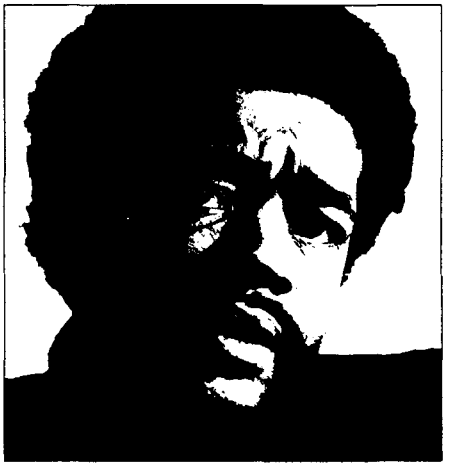


[*Page 18*] San Quentin



[*Page 25*] Raping Alaska

[*Page 34*] Construction Crisis



[*Page 39*] Chicago Conspiracy

Herein:

Editorial: Repression and the Chicago Eight 6

The Crash of the Jefferson Airplane 14
By Ed Leimbacher

Race War at San Quentin 18
By Robert Minton and Stephen Rice

Alaska—The Ecology of Oil 25
By Barry Weisberg

Crisis in Construction 34
By The Pacific Studies Center

The Chicago Conspiracy Trial 39
By Paul Glusman

Back of the Book 48

Ramparts

VOL. 8, NO. 7 JANUARY 1970

EDITORIAL BOARD
Jan Austin □ Peter Collier □ David Horowitz □ David Kolodney □ Sol Stern

CONSULTING ART DIRECTOR
John Williams

INTERNATIONAL EDITOR
Eldridge Cleaver

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Sheila Daar

COPY EDITOR
Sally Greenawalt

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Kathy Bailey □ Cindy Ehrlich
Mehrene Larudee

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Michael Ansara, Don Duncan, Art Goldberg, Deborah Green, Karl Hess, Paul Krassner, Harold Lipset, Susan Lydon, Monique Maurer, Jessica Mitford, Carl Oglesby, Marcus Raskin, Daniel Schechter, Stephen Schneck, Stanley Sheinbaum, WilliamTurner, Steve Weissman

REGIONAL EDITORS
New York □ Sandra Levinson
Washington □ Lee Webb
London □ Peter Buckman
Los Angeles □ Farrel Broslawski

PUBLISHER
Marc Stone

CONTROLLER
Robert J. Kaldenbach

VICE PRESIDENT
Linda Sugarman

BUSINESS STAFF
Stephen Robinson (Business Manager)
Donald Hughes (Circulation Manager)
Nancy Tibbon (Western Advertising Mgr.)
Charles Rudnick (Office Manager)
David Dobkin, Larry Tomasson (Off. Men)
Millie Eley (Bookkeeper)
Norman Hirsch, Walt Neal (Coll. Prom.)
Margot Lind (Administrative Assistant)

BOARD OF DIRECTORS
Peter Collier □ Norman Eisner
Gerald Feigen □ David Horowitz
Robert Kaldenbach □ David Kolodney
Edgar Lockwood □ Frederick Mitchell
Stewart Mott □ Stephen Robinson
Robert Scheer □ Stanley Sheinbaum
Marc Stone

EDITORIAL ROOMS AND MAIN BUSINESS OFFICE
1606 Union Street
San Francisco, California 94123
Telephone: 415-441-4151

Cable Address:
RAMPARTS, San Francisco

Contents Copyright © 1969 by Ramparts Magazine, Inc.

Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

Back volumes available from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan

All rights reserved

RAMPARTS is published monthly by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. MAIN OFFICES: 1606 Union St., San Francisco, California 94123, telephone 441-4151. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $8.50, one year; $15.00, two years in USA and possessions. Foreign rate: $9.50, one year; $17.00 two years. Foreign Airmail rate: Mexico, Central America, Caribbean Islands, $17.00; Europe, South America, Africa (bordering the Mediterranean), $21.00; Far & Near East, USSR, Australia & remainder of Africa, $26.50. Single issue, 75 cents. Copyright ©1969 by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts submitted to RAMPARTS should be sent with return postage and self-addressed envelope. RAMPARTS editors assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Second copies should be retained by writer. EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: All editorial and advertising correspondence should be mailed to 1606 Union St., San Francisco, California 94123. SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE: All subscription correspondence should be mailed to RAMPARTS, P.O. Box 452, San Francisco 94101. Send both new and old address (enclose recent magazine address label, if possible). Please allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California, and at additional offices. Printed in the U.S.A.

Cover photo by Steve Shames/Photon West

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Jimi Hendrix Experience

The Mothers Of Invention

Van Dyke Parks

Jethro Tull

Neil Young

The Kinks

The Everly Brothers

Joni Mitchell

Fats Domino

The Fugs

The Grateful Dead

The Pentangle

Mail to: Record Show
Room 208
Warner/Reprise Records
Burbank, California 91503

NN

Send the special albums checked below to:

_____

_____

_____

_____

☐ A copy of *Record Show*. I enclose $2.

☐ A copy of *Record Show* and *Songbook*. I enclose $4.

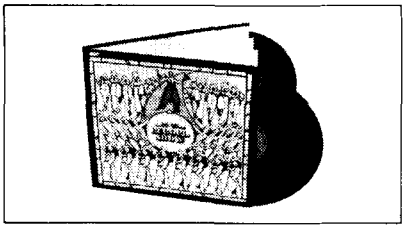
(Checks should be made payable to Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records.)

This offer expires August 1, 1970.

28 Concerned Record Artists Join In Creating A Revolutionary New Album.

All of the artists pictured above — plus such as Peter, Paul & Mary, Theodore Bikel, Randy Newman, Bert Jansch, John Renbourn, Sweetwater, Doug Kershaw, Pearls Before Swine, and more — have joined in a unique album project.

They have put together an extraordinary *double* stereo album called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE RECORD SHOW

Two records. Four sides. The very best of what these artists are currently and *will be offering* on Warner/Reprise (which means that a lot of the stuff on the album is, as of this writing, still unreleased — over a dozen tracks from upcoming Warner/Reprise albums).

Under normal conditions, this two-album set would sell for $9.96.

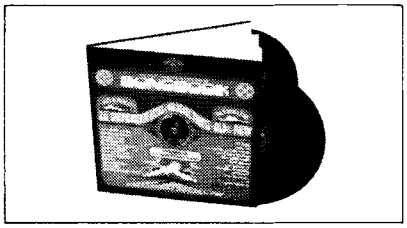
But the artists in our *Record Show* are not normal artists. They want their new recordings heard. Widely. And to get that done, they are willing to give up all their royalties on this album. (Just as long as Warner/Reprise doesn't make anything either.)

So here's the deal: *The 1969 Warner/Reprise Record Show* will only be sold by mail (no middle man). Warner/Reprise tosses in deluxe packaging. And you, the record buyer (who we fervently hope will be encouraged to pick up more of what you hear at regular retail prices) can get a copy of *Record Show* for the *below cost price* of

TWO BUCKS

Actually, this is a promotion in which everybody wins. You get an extensive taste of new Hendrix, new Pentangle, new Jethro Tull, new Van Dyke Parks, new Randy Newman, etc. The artists on *Record Show,* and subsequently Warner/Reprise, win some new friends.

We know this is how it works because earlier this year we offered—a bit hesitantly—the first of these revolutionary albums. It was called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE SONGBOOK

This was also a two dollar, two record set, with over 40 songs by 26 important artists (including the first U.S. release of Jimi Hendrix' "Red House," which subsequently turned up over the summer in his best-selling *Smash Hits* album).

Songbook began as just a nice thing to do for our friends. But the people who got ahold of it wrote in to tell us differently:

Really liked the records. Have since purchased The Pentangle's *Sweet Child* and The Everly Brothers' *Roots*. Kindly send me five order forms for friends. I hope you people do well. You seem fairly straight.

J.C.I.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

That was for *Songbook*. The *Record Show* is even finer, deluxer, and more provocative.

WHAT TO EXPECT

Frankly, we don't plan on selling more than a couple of thousand copies of *Record Show*. Mostly because this offer sounds too good to be true. And we know that naturally suspicious people will probably pass this ad by.

Which is really a shame.

Because if you *do* mail in your $2 (or $4 if you also want a copy of the earlier and all-different *Songbook* set), you'll soon have a collector's item on your phonograph. (That concept we toss in for you prestige-lovers.)

Each copy of *Record Show* has bound into it a few pages of pictures and background about the artists on the album. This way you'll learn the story behind such nifties as

- JONI MITCHELL'S Carnegie Hall debut (and hear some of it on *Record Show*).
- VAN DYKE PARKS' extraordinary Moog synthesizer commercials for the 1970 Ice Capades (also on *Record Show*).
- Tracks from as yet unreleased albums by FRANK ZAPPA, LORRAINE ELLISON, THE KINKS . . .

We could, you realize, go on and on . . .

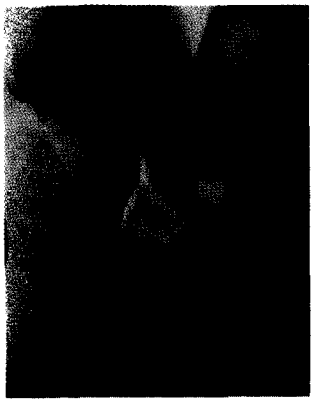
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The 28 artists in *Record Show* are convinced you'll find their double album more than you expected. We are, too. To try to get on your good side and, possibly, move more than two thousand albums, we hereby offer you this (unnecessary) guarantee: If you don't find *Record Show* worth every penny, return the album to us within 10 days and we'll send you back your two bucks.

Via air mail.

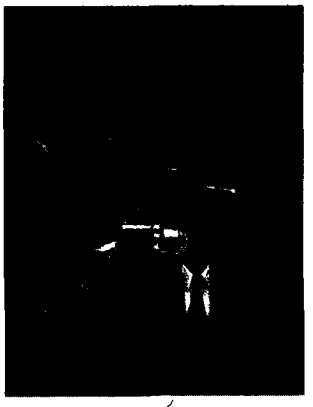
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most powerful visual statements from Psychology Today



1 Authentic Self

2 Face of the Enemy

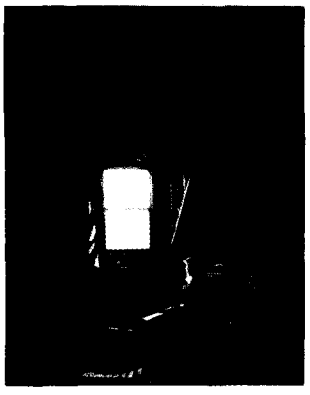


3 Cocktail Chatter

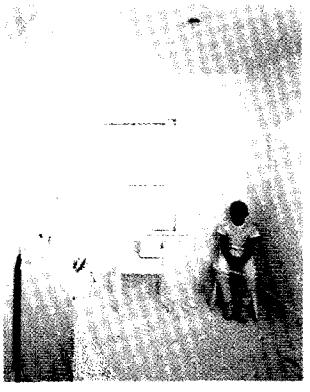
4 Autistic Child

5 Mother and Child

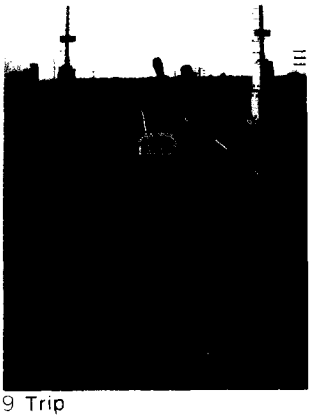
6 Human Sexuality



7 Girl in the Attic



8 White Man's World



9 Trip

Now available as giant 2′ x 3′ full color posters

Hang them as posters
Frame them as prints

These beautiful reproductions are lithographed on the highest quality coated/grained stock. Truly collector's items. Available in limited quantity only.

Send your order today.

$2.00 per poster, including all postage and handling. Or by ordering any three (your choice) you pay only $5.00 complete. The entire set of nine for just $12.50.

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY POSTERS
P.O. Box 4760, Clinton, Iowa 52732

Please send the posters indicated ☒ at right.
$2.00 each/3 for $5.00
9 for $12.50.

1	2	3	4
5	6		
7	8		
	9		all 9

My check or Money Order for $_____ is Enclosed.

Name_____

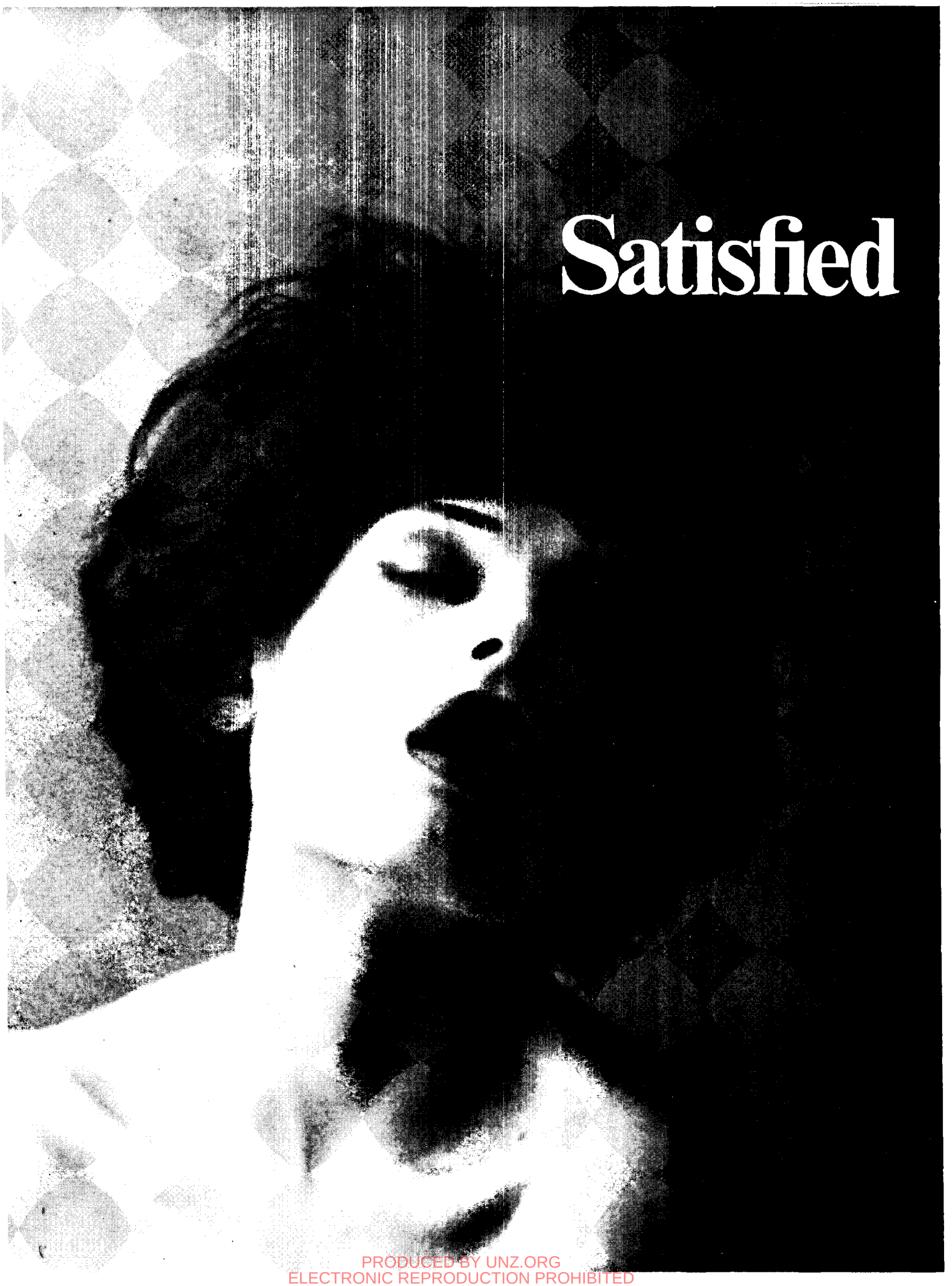
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

028

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Satisfied



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pictured on the opposite page is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

Small wonder. Reading **Avant-Garde** is quite an experience. It is total immersion in sensual pleasure. A graphic arts freak-out. Rolling nude in the snow after a sauna. A first bite of cotton candy. Dalliance in a garden of earthly delights. Somersaulting down Main Street. Love on a mink blanket. A waft of frankincense and myrrh. The tinkling of wind chimes. A kiss in an elevator. An orgasm of the mind.

What makes **Avant-Garde** such a carnival of the senses? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First of all, there's **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy. No other magazine pursues a policy of such *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression.* **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). America's writers, artists, and photographers appreciate this and bring to **Avant-Garde** the works they know other publications lack the courage to print. Thus **Avant-Garde** serves—consistently—as a showcase for the novella that is "too daring," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the National Liberation Front of American arts and letters.

Second, **Avant-Garde** devastates readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the inspiration of Lennart Anderssen, **Avant-Garde**'s Creative Director (who is, incidentally, the world's foremost graphic designer).

Third, **Avant-Garde** is distinguished by the awesome talent of its contributors. No other magazine can boast such an impressive roster of artists, writers, and photographers. Not only does **Avant-Garde** feature works by such acknowledged masters as Picasso, Dali, Avedon, Mailer, Miller, Ginsberg, Tynan, Updike, Roald Dahl, Rexroth, David Levine, Leonard Baskin, Bert Stern, Genet, Beckett, Sartre, Burroughs, Yevtushenko, Warhol, *et al.*, but, perhaps more important, it hunts down the wild cats who will be the literary lions of tomorrow.

In short, **Avant-Garde** is a magazine prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It's the banner of the enlightened minority.

Subscriptions to **Avant-Garde** are not cheap. They can't be. **Avant-Garde** is extremely costly to produce. It is printed by time-consuming sheet-fed gravure and offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It is bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation. It more closely resembles an expensive art folio than a magazine. Ordinarily, subscriptions sell for $10 per year.

However, right now, while Avant-Garde is still in its infancy, you can order a Special Introductory 8-Month Subscription for ONLY $3.99!! This is a MERE FRACTION of the standard price.

Moreover, if you enter your subscription right now, you'll become a Charter Subscriber. This will entitle you to:

- Buy gift subscriptions for only $3.99.
- Renew your own subscription for $3.99 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.
- Start your subscription with an issue from **Avant-Garde**'s first volume. *This is not to be taken lightly since early issues of high quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $3.99 to: **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018. But please hurry. This offer will be withdrawn automatically as soon as **Avant-Garde** reaches its circulation quota.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy your first issue of this wildly hedonistic new magazine.

"Satisfaction" guaranteed.

AVANT GARDE

Even the critics are satisfied:

"Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! Avant-Garde has appeared containing mind-treasures of major proportions." —San Francisco Chronicle

"For those unafraid of being depraved and corrupted." —New Statesman

"Its editors deserve considerable credit for having risked printing it." —Life

"Aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex." —New York Times

"An exotic literary menu...a new wild thing on the New York scene." —Encounter

"A bawdyhouse of intellectual pleasure." —New York critic Robert Reisner

Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018

I enclose $3.99 for an eight-month subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying a MERE FRACTION of the standard $10-per-year price!*

NAME _____

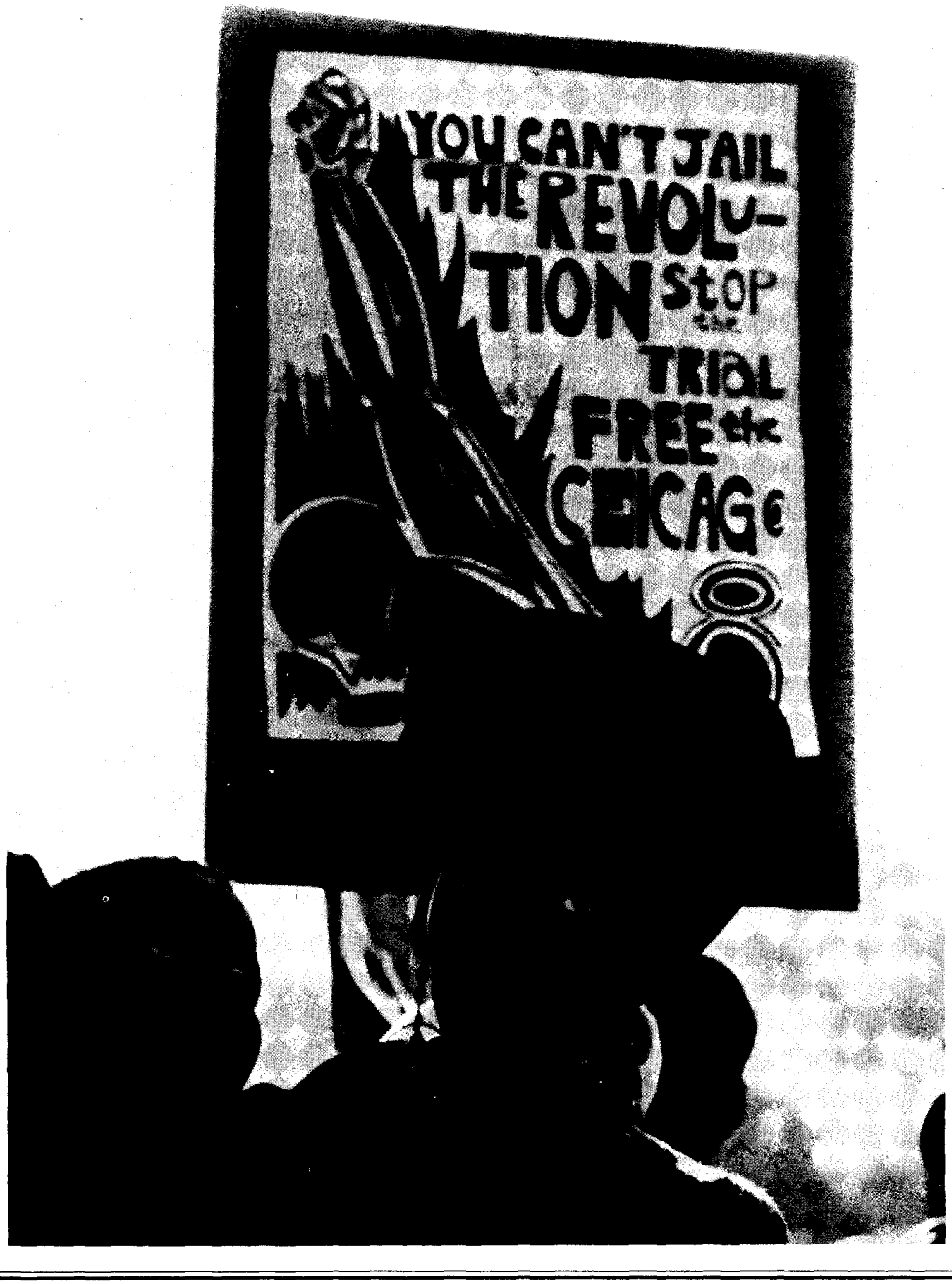
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

© AVANT-GARDE 1968

RMA-21

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In front of the Chicago Hilton Hotel, August, 1968

Reppression and The Chicago Eight

CHICAGO—CITADEL OF GANGSTER LAW and spiritual dead-center of the country—increasingly projects itself as the symbol of America in crisis. In August 1968 it was a perfect setting for the lessons of the Democratic Convention: that the political system is rigged beyond reform; that the armed guardians of the law are there to break the heads of the unarmed conscience of the nation; that brute force reigns at home as well as abroad.

Now, a little over a year later, the grim auguries of 1968 are borne out. Chicago is again the metaphor; the trial of the Conspiracy Eight shatters the remaining illusions of a rule of law and an independent judiciary, and marks a major advance in a new wave of repression which in numbers jailed (draft resisters and protesters) and killed (blacks, especially Black Panthers) already dwarfs anything seen in the McCarthy era.

The eight radical organizers and sometime participants in last year's Chicago demonstrations stand accused of conspiracy (in effect, intent to advocate participation in an assembly of three or more persons where violence could occur). The law is all-encompassing and ridden with ambiguity. A discussion by long distance telephone about a demonstration that does not even occur can be made into a felony. It is almost a case-book model of that totalitarianism of language which is the precursor to a totalitarianism in fact. The ostensible crime, denuded of its verbiage: "conspiring" to intend to demonstrate. The penalty: ten years in prison.

It is a fitting irony that the anti-riot act under which the Eight stand accused, and under which public dissent is in effect outlawed, was enacted in memorium to Martin Luther King, having been attached as a rider to the open housing law passed by Congress following his assassination. King himself would have been subject to anti-riot act imprisonment many times over for his organizing of civil disobedience demonstrations in pursuit of open housing. He could easily have been convicted, since the government admits to having tapped his phone up to the time of his death, in the interests of "national security."

The focal figure in the Chicago trial is Bobby Seale, last to be picked off of the three extraordinary leaders who launched the Black Panther Party and who have, one by one, become victims of political repression. Seale has been kidnapped, framed, and denied the counsel of his choice; he has been physically abused for trying to make his own defense, and finally, sentenced to four years for refusing to submit in silence to the attempt to railroad him to prison. He is already the man without rights in the police state.

It is no accident, of course, that it is the black defendant in Chicago who is cast in this symbolic role. As W. H. Ferry,

Top: Photograph by Stephen Shames/Photon West
Left: Photograph by Alan Copeland/Photon West

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAMBERT STUDIOS–FINE ART PRINTS

ORDER DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER & SAVE!

OIL PAINT • ARTIST CANVAS • HAND SILK SCREEN • LITHOGRAPHS • POSTERS

$1.00 and up

206. FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TOMB. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Red and Beige. 14" x 50". Only **5.95**

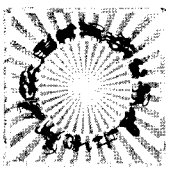
268. PICASSO. BULLFIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and White. 14" x 32". Only **3.95**

520. WANDA EMBRY. Full color on fine art stock. The 46th annual New York Art Director's Club Show's Painted Lady. Life like. Life size. 12" x 63". Only **4.95**

201. CRETAN BULL DANCERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 17" x 46". Only **6.95** 103. On paper. Only **3.95**

536. WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS—INVEST YOUR SON. Red, White and Blue. 22" x 26". Only **4.95**

261. PICASSO. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscreen on canvas. Black and White. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**



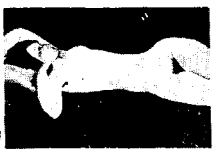
548. ZODIAC. Silkscreen on art stock. Dayglo. 30" x 30". Only **4.95**

315. RYER. THE WRESTLERS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95** 539. On paper. Only **2.98**

290. PICASSO. TOROS Y TOREROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **3.95**

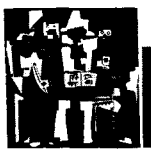
310. MODIGLIANI PORTRAIT OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas. 16" x 27". Only **5.95** 535. On paper **2.98**

301. PICASSO. MOMENT OF TRUTH. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **3.95**



260. MODIGLIANI. RECLINING NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 25". Only **5.95**

311. PICASSO. TOROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **3.98**



252. PICASSO. THREE MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 24". Only **5.95**

196. WYETH. CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Coliotype on fine art stock. Full color. 28" x 40". Only **7.50**

267. PICASSO. PICADOR. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

309. VAN GOGH. SIDEWALK CAFE AT NIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 24". Only **9.95**

231. PR. MEDIEVAL BRASS RUBBINGS: KNIGHT AND LADY. Silkscreen. Canvas. Black and gold. 12" x 36". Only **6.95** pr. 165. On paper. Only **3.95** pr.

322. DA VINCI. MONA LISA. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 24". Only **5.95**

234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 22". Only **9.95**

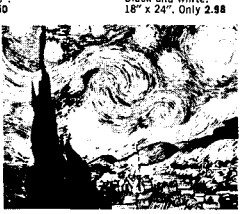
204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF A GIRL. Silkscreen on canvas. Black and reds. 17" x 27". Only **5.95** 110. On paper. **2.98**

247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 20". Only **5.95** 186. On paper **2.98**

245. PICASSO. MATERNITY. Silkscreen canvas. Full color. 15" x 20". Only **7.95**

212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **6.95**

549. HAUSMAN. WOMAN. Silkscreen poster. Fine art stock. Full color. 20" x 38". Only **4.95**

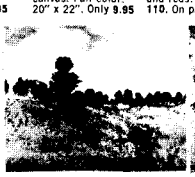


271. VAN GOGH. STARRY NIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **9.95** 561. On paper. Only **6.95**

325. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

321. GAINSBOROUGH. BLUE BOY. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

209. PICASSO. STUDIES FOR MOTHER AND CHILD. On artist canvas. Sepia tones. 16" x 20". Only **4.95**

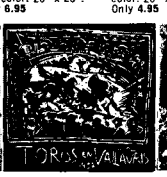


265. MONET. RED POPPIES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 24". Only **7.95**

264. MONET. SUNFLOWERS. On artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 24". Only **6.95**

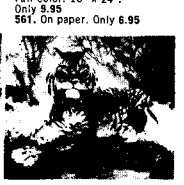
314. OROZCO. ZAPATISTAS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 22". Only **5.95**

320. LAWRENCE. PINKIE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



547. PICASSO. TOROS EN VALLAVRIS. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Black and white. 20" x 21". Only **1.98**

257. RENOIR. GIRL WITH WATERING CAN. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **6.95**



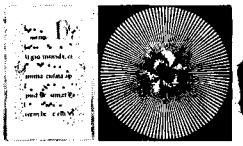
319. DeKAY. TIGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

305. HAUSMAN. THE PARTING. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 20". Only **5.95** 529. On paper. Only **2.98**

270. MONET. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 22". Only **6.95**

316. MUNCH. THE KISS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Grays and blacks. 16" x 20". Only **4.95**

282. HUG. THE CAT. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** 508. On paper **2.98**



150. MUSIC MANUSCRIPT WITH ASTROLOGERS. Silkscreen on parchment paper. Full color. 20" x 30". Only **3.95**

542. ZONK. On fine art stock. Dayglo colors on black. 39" x 39". Only **2.49**

283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** 509. On paper **2.98**

308. PICASSO. FEMME. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 16" x 20". Only **2.98**

277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **7.95**

546. PICASSO. MATADOR. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Orange and black 23" x 35". Only **$3.95**

871. GILLETTE. LOVE. Poster in grays and white on fine art stock. 17" x 21" Only **1.98**

541. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo colors on black. 23" x 29". Only **1.98**

528. BEN SHAHN. Poster. Black & brown on white paper. 30" x 45" Only **3.95**

300. PICASSO. CORRIDA DE TOROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 24". Only **5.95**

313. PICASSO. LA RONDE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **5.95**

324. ALBO. FREE AS THE WIND. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

281. PICASSO. TOREROS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black and white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

210. RUBENS. ARTIST'S SON. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 14" x 17". Only **5.95** 112. On paper. Only **2.98**

304. PICASSO. THE DOVE. Silkscreen artist canvas. Black, grays and white. 12" x 15". Only **4.95**

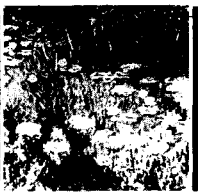
543. TARGET. Poster in red, yellow, black, and white. 40" x 40". Only **1.98**

276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues and greens. 18" x 26". Only **5.95**

305. RYER. LOVERS. Lithograph on canvas. Browns, gold, tans. 18" x 29". Only **5.95.** 530. Paper. **2.98**

312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **5.95**

262. HAUSMAN. A MAN AND A WOMAN. Silkscreen canvas. Color. 16" x 23". Only **5.95** 523. On paper. **2.98**



254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 22" x 22". Only **6.95** 526. On paper **3.95**

318. RYER. RAPE OF THE SABINES. Silkscreen on canvas. Full color. 14" x 33". Only **5.95** 538. On paper. **2.98**

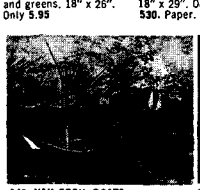
295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Lithograph on canvas. Full color. 18" x 28". Only **5.95** 518. Paper. **2.98**

299. DAUMIER. MAN OF LA MANCHA. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 26". Only **5.95**

323. DEGAS. THE GLASS OF ABSINTHE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

540. SPHERES. Dayglo colors. Fine art stock. 19" x 31". Only **1.98**

534. ART EXHIBITION POSTERS. Set of four. Heavy art stock. Full color. KLEE, MIRO, DUFY, CHAGALL. 20" x 30" ea. All four only **3.95**



240. VAN GOGH. BOATS STE. MARIE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28" Only **5.95**

109. DURER. PRAYING HANDS. Silkscreen on paper. Blues, grays & blacks. 14" x 21". Only **1.98**

246. EL GRECO. ST. MARTIN. Silkscreen on artist canvas. 16" x 30". Only **6.95**

550. LOVE. Silkscreen poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35" Only **1.98**

559. SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

557. I LOVE YOU. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

565. WHEN THE BOMB GOES OFF. Poster on paper. Black & white. 22" x 25". Only **1.98**

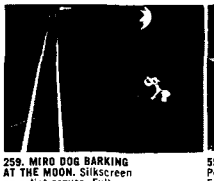
551. PINK LADY. Poster on paper. Full color. 20" x 30". Only **1.98**

226. MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Metallic gold & brown. 11" x 31". Only **4.95**

563. RAPHAEL. MADONNA. Silkscreen drawing on paper. 16" x 20". Only **1.49**

298. HOLTZ. SCHOONER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**

558. MOTHER EARTH. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**



259. MIRO DOG BARKING AT THE MOON. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 16" x 21". Only **5.95**

555. THE FALL. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

554. THE KEY. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

571. PETER MAX. AUDIO D.N.A. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

250. MANET. THE PIPER. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 15" x 25". Only **2.98**

289. CHARIOTEERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Metallic gold & brown. 11" x 37". Only **4.95**

229. PARTRIDGE PANEL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues, greens, yellow. 12" x 37". Only **4.95** 163. On Paper **1.98**

PRODUCED BY NZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

339. DETLEFSEN. HAPPY DAYS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

215. PICASSO. THE LOVERS. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

285. HUG. THE LEOPARD. Lithograph on artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellow. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **511.** On paper. **2.98**

251. SEURAT. LA GRANDE JATTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **5.95**

302. PICASSO. FAUN WITH LEAVES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

278. TURNER. THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **7.95**

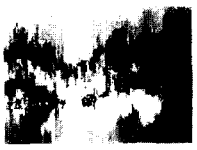
513. NEVER AGAIN WAR. After **KOLLWITZ.** Silkscreen on paper. Black, grays, dayglo red. 23" x 30". Only **4.95**

269. MONET. REGATTA AT ARGENTEUIL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **6.95**

155. KLEE. BIRD GARDEN. Silkscreen on paper. Full color. 17" x 24". Only **2.98**

532. MATISSE. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on parchment paper. Blue. 16" x 23". Only **2.98**

303. MODIGLIANI. CARYATID. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blue. 15" x 20". Only **3.95**



334. MUNNICH. CITY VISTA. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

335. SIMON. GOLDEN CHARGER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

329. REMBRANDT. GIRL WITH BROOM. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

307. PICASSO. DANCES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 17" x 22". Only **3.95.**

272. BUFFET. CLOWN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**

288. PICASSO. BACCHANAL. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

158. KLEE. FISH MAGIC. Silkscreen on paper. Full color. 17" x 22". Only **2.98**

266. REMBRANDT. MAN IN GOLDEN HELMET. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 27". Only **5.95**

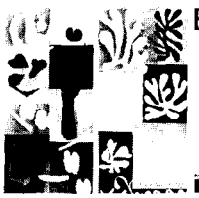
327. BORCH. THE LETTER. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

286. VAN GOGH. STARLIGHT OVER THE RHONE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 25". Only **9.95**

341. DEGAS. BALLERINA. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 27". Only **5.95**

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC POSTERS 531. Set of four collotype posters. Each 20" x 28". Aristide Bruant, Moulin Rouge, Jane Avril and Divan Japonais. Special! all four **3.95**

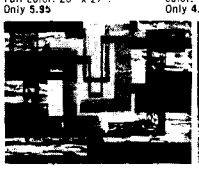
255. REDON. WILD-FLOWERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 19" x 26". Only **2.98**



280. MATISSE. PAIR OF MURALS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 13" x 28" each. Pair only **6.95**

564. EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON. Poster on paper. Black and white. 20" x 30". Only **1.98**

279. FRAGONARD. YOUNG GIRL READING. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 26". Only **6.95**



317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Blues. 20" x 25". Only **9.95**

296. MURILLO. BOYS EATING MELON & GRAPES. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 22" x 28". Only **5.95**

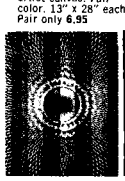
544. BUTTERFLY. Poster on paper. Dayglo colors. 29" x 23". Only **1.98**

333. APPEL. ABSTRACT. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

336. REMBRANDT. YOUNG GIRL AT DOOR. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

553. RENAISSANCE MINSTRELS. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 23". Only **1.98**

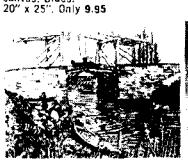
325. CEZANNE. BLUE VASE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



567. ENERGY. Silkscreen poster on paper. Dayglo colors. 22" x 28". Only **1.98**

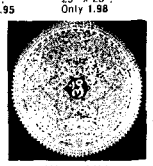
797. BAN THE BOMB. Poster on paper. Dayglo color. 29" x 29". Only **1.49**

258. RENOIR. LITTLE SHEPHERD. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 23". Only **1.00**



330. VAN GOGH. DRAWBRIDGE AT ARLES. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

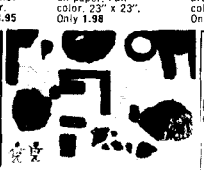
337. PICASSO. SEATED HARLEQUIN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**



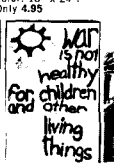
777. OM MANDALA. Silkscreen poster on paper. Greens & gold. 24" x 24". Only **1.98**

562. MICHELANGELO. SIBYL. Silkscreen drawing on paper. 15" x 20". Only **1.49**

568. AZTECA. Silkscreen poster on paper. Dayglo colors. 26" x 27". Only **1.98**



217. KLEE. THE LONELY ONES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 28". Only **5.95** **147.** On paper **2.98**



560. WAR IS NOT HEALTHY. Poster on paper. Full color. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

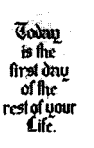
566. WOOD. AMERICAN GOTHIC. Lithograph on paper. Full color. 17" x 21". Only **7.50**

332. MONET. BASSIN D'ARGENTEUIL. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

340. WOOD. OCTOBER MORN. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

236. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT—GREEN KNIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 15" x 21". Only **2.98**

235. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT—BLUE KNIGHT. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 15" x 21". Only **2.98**



552. TODAY. Poster on paper. Black & gold. 23" x 35". Only **1.98**

328. RENOIR. LITTLE IRENE. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

338. RENOIR. BOATING PARTY. Lithograph on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

572. PETER MAX. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

331. GARCIA. AT ANCHOR. Lithograph on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **4.95**

219. MARINI. THE RIDER. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

502. ROUSSEAU. SLEEPING GYPSY. Collotype on paper. Full color. 20" x 31". Only **6.50**

570. PETER MAX. TOP CAT. Poster on paper. Full color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

573. PETER MAX. MARILYN MONROE. Poster on paper. Color. 24" x 36". Only **1.98**

287. PICASSO. THE TRAGEDY. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 17" x 26". Only **5.95** **517.** On paper **2.98**

556. CAT. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo colors. 20" x 30". Only **1.98**

256. VAN GOGH. CHURCH AT AUVERS. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 18" x 24". Only **5.95**

244. MODIGLIANI. MARIE. Silkscreen on artist canvas, Sepia 15" x 23". Only **2.98** **183.** On paper **1.49**

248. VAN GOGH. IRISES. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 20" x 25". Only **6.95**

519. KWAN YIN. Silkscreen on rice paper. Blue. 12" x 39". Only **1.98**

291. REMBRANDT. YOUNG WARRIOR. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 27". Only **5.95**

275. VAN GOGH. CYPRESS ROAD. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 21" x 28". Only **4.95**

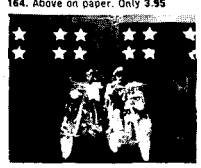
527. DURER. KNIGHT, DEATH & THE DEVIL. Silkscreen on paper. Sepia. 21" x 27". Only **2.98**

198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo red & black. 25" x 38". Only **4.95**

237. UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Full color. 19" x 28". Only **5.95** **171.** On paper. **3.95**

230. PICASSO. GUERNICA. Lithograph on artist canvas in grays and black. Impressive and poignant war protest. 16" x 35". Only **6.95.** **164.** Above on paper. Only **3.95**

284. HUG. THE LION. Lithograph on artist canvas. Browns, tans, yellows. 22" x 28". Only **5.95** **510.** On paper **2.98**



569. EASY RIDER. Silkscreen poster on paper. Dayglo red, white & blue. 22" x 28". Only **1.98**

216. KOLLWITZ. MOTHER AND CHILD. Silkscreen on artist canvas. Black & white. 18" x 24". Only **2.98**

524. SABINES. Silkscreen on paper. Black & White. 18" x 22". Only **2.98**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

LAMBERT STUDIOS: Dept. RA-27

15 WEST 24 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

Gentlemen: Please rush the prints whose numbers are circled at right. If my order totals $10 or more you will also include my FREE print of **PICASSO. PROFILE.**

PRINTS ON CANVAS				201	204	206	209	210	212	215	216	217	219	226	229
230	231	234	235	236	237	240	244	245	246	247	248	250	251	252	254
255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271
272	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289
290	291	295	296	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309
310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325
326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341
PRINTS ON PAPER				103	109	110	112	147	150	155	158	164	165	171	183
186	196	198	502	508	509	510	511	513	517	518	519	520	523	524	526
527	528	529	530	531	532	534	535	536	538	539	540	541	542	543	544
546	547	548	549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561
562	563	564	565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572	573	777	797	871	

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY. THIS IS YOUR SHIPPING LABEL.

FREE if your order totals $10 or more

PICASSO. PROFILE. Silkscreen drawing. Black on white fine art stock. 18" x 24".

The prints I have circled opposite amount to $_____

Plus Sales Tax (when applicable)_____

Plus Handling Charge **75¢**

I enclose $ _____

When in New York visit our Studios: Please add $1.00 per print for delivery outside U.S.

We do not offer a catalog because our selections are constantly changing. If you are not satisfied with your order, return it within 10 days with evidence of purchase for full credit or cash refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

former scholar in residence at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, has pointed out: "Twenty-one Panthers have been murdered by the police in the past year, and there would have been more stir in whitetown if twenty-one panthers in America's zoos had been wantonly slain. . . . The police are the effective rulers of blacktown today. Theirs is the paraphernalia of any police state. . . . Frame-ups, impossible bail, unwarranted searches and seizures and similar practices are commonplaces of ghetto life. Helicopters hover over black neighborhoods, searchlights glaring and bullhorns shouting, and the protests of citizens go unheeded. . . . Perhaps the most insidious practice of all is the infiltration by police of black institutions and organizations. The use of informers, the setting of friend against friend, child against parent, is the most familiar of police state strategies. . . ."

IN THE TRIAL OF THE CHICAGO EIGHT we see the extension of the police state from the black community, where it has taken root, to the white, middle-class culture of dissent. It is wholly indicative that 23 of the first 42 prosecution witnesses in Judge Hoffman's courtroom were police spies, undercover agents, or paid informants.

The Chicago trial is a political warning which is echoed loudly in Washington and in local seats of power across America. A national pattern of establishment confrontation and repression is falling into place. Its instruments are already totalitarian in scope: the Executive Branch's assertion of a right to wiretap without legislative control or judicial review; the Secret Service's directive that local police agencies should spy on those who voice "imaginary grievances"; the New York police force's admitted use of agents to pose as students and infiltrate high school classrooms; the University of California Regents' attempt to prevent Angela Davis from teaching.

Seen in this context, the actions of Judge Julius Hoffman in Chicago are not an aberration but rather a vintage expression of the form that repression will take. Behind Hoffman is the low-grade vituperation of the Vice President and the cold determination of the Attorney General, Nixon's closest advisor and the architect of the new order.

Men like Hoffman and Agnew seem laughable at first, but only because the political dominance of the crypto-fascist right is new to this generation. There should be no mistake on this point: the right is in power. And its strategy, plainly asserted, is to bludgeon and then silence the left and ultimately all the forces of change in America. It will stop at nothing to achieve those purposes, if for no other reason than because it has no other options.

However comfortable he may find it, Nixon is in a box forged by his predecessors. For eight years, liberal administrations made promises of a better future, offering a dream of new opportunities for America. Now the war on poverty is lost. The cities are approaching a terminal condition, the environment itself is being systematically poisoned, and whatever slim funds might have once been available to remedy these ills have been eaten up by the fight against the Viet-Nam inflation. The administrations of Kennedy and Johnson failed to deliver on change at home, and led the nation instead into imperial war abroad.

The liberal attempt to co-opt the awakening aspirations of the '60s without upsetting the status quo ended by stirring deep currents of hope that became currents of opposition and frustration as the promises and programs revealed themselves to be little more than a public relations con. The broadening movements for black liberation at home and troop withdrawal abroad are increasingly difficult to tame with tokenism. The elusive light at the end of the tunnel is now recognized as a will o' the wisp that guides us ever more deeply into the morass.

On the other hand, the masses of "middle America" have come to feel cheated by a treadmill life of price inflation, debt and insecurity—and what seemed to be open-handed government giveaways to other groups. Ironically, *they* were the ones who were taken in by the rhetoric of the liberal administrations (according to Newsweek, 44 per cent of white Americans think that blacks have a better chance than whites to get well-paying jobs, compared to 21 per cent who think their chances are worse), and now they attribute their problems to being short-changed. Meanwhile, the ethos of hard work and respect for authority which was supposed to make it all worthwhile is being threatened by a war that could evoke no patriotism and a generation of youth skeptical about the old ways.

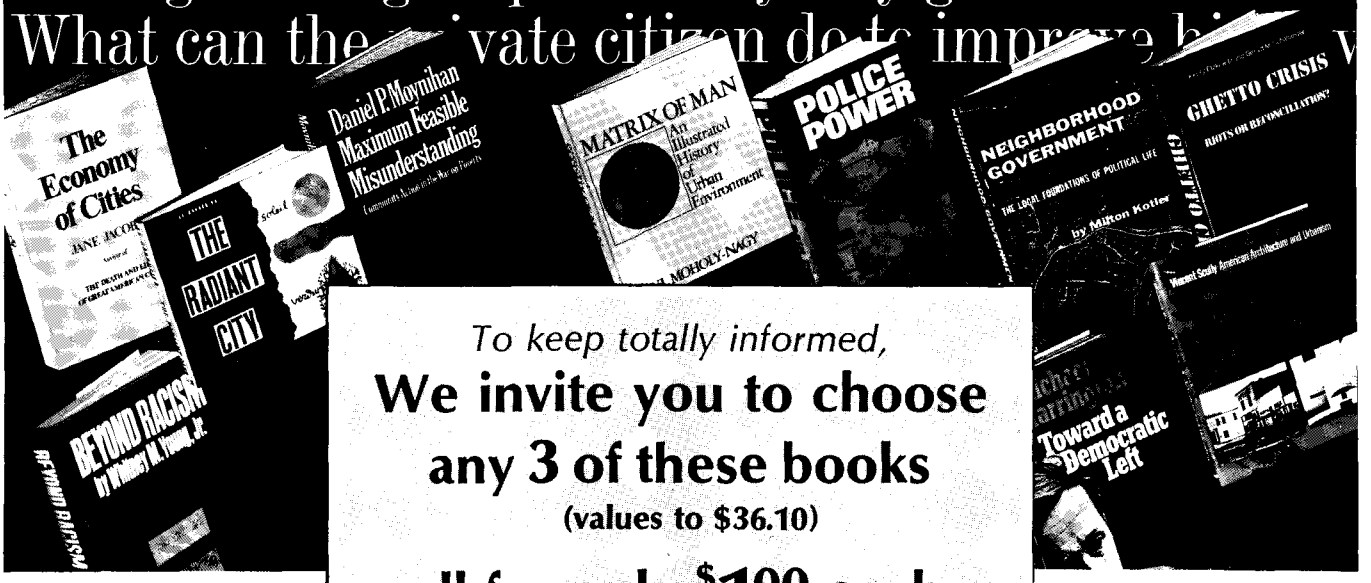
Faced with these rising forces of disenchantment—radical opposition and conservative resentment—the new administration has to come up with a strong positive program. The only positive program available to Nixon, hemmed in as he is by the failures of the past and the limits of the system, is to satisfy the silent majority with a scapegoat-enemy, thus pandering to conservative fears, reaffirming that tattered American Legion dignity, and mobilizing a new force to crush the movement for change.

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION has thus launched a double strategy of polarization and repression, the inflammatory speech and the political trial. They are going for the jugular of the most exposed and active forces on the left, while launching a full-scale ideological assault on all opposition which is calculated to immobilize and intimidate the more moderate and tentative proponents of change. For example, those Moratorium marchers whose opposition to the war remains one simply of sensibility and impression, those who have not digested the political implications of the stand they have taken, may well be tempted under fire to accept the reprieve of dissociation from the radicals, and step out of the way. As the McCarthy era showed, this is the Achilles heel of the movement for change. As layers of broad support are stripped away, the radicals who have led the opposition are to be picked off one by one (as in Chicago today) and the country is to be pacified.

People must see the drama of repression being enacted in Chicago for what it is: a threat, not just symbolic, but direct and real, to their own political and social aspirations. They must be prepared to take the risks of active struggle against the repression *now*, while the forces of resistance are strongest. For the tide of repression will not abate of its own accord. Unity is the first principle; solidarity with the Chicago Eight, with the Panther leaders, and with other radicals singled out for attack, is an essential priority. The legal framework of a police state is already on the books. The will to enforce it has been demonstrated. The Reichstag has already been burned. The Chicago trial must be stopped and the defendants freed. Like Viet-Nam, Chicago is a war of example.—THE EDITORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will better housing provoke more riots??? Do we secretly approve of poverty??? Will neighborhood management groups destroy city government??? What can the private citizen do to improve his



To keep totally informed,

We invite you to choose any 3 of these books

(values to $36.10)

all for only $1.00 each

with a short trial membership in

The Library of Urban Affairs

(retail price shown)

69770. POLITICS AND THE GHETTOS. *Edited by Roland L. Warren.* Sharply focused insights into the complex forces that create ghettos as well as the political and social structures that perpetuate them. With contributions by Robert C. Wood, Whitney Young, Tom Hayden, and others. **$7.95**

61540. THE MATRIX OF MAN. An Illustrated History of Urban Environment. *Sibyl Moholy-Nagy.* A controversial, magnificent volume, with 300 fascinating illustrations, including a sensitive examination of contemporary urban ills. Candidly critical of much "standard" thinking among modern architects and planners. *Counts as two of your three choices.* **$15.00**

61620. MAXIMUM FEASIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING / GHETTO CRISIS. *A dual selection.* Daniel P. Moynihan's slashing attack on the shaping and administration of community action programs. *Plus* a bare-knuckled record of a community action project in one of the worst ghettos, by Henry Etzkowitz and Gerald M. Schaflander. **$11.90**

43370. THE ECONOMY OF CITIES / NEIGHBORHOOD GOVERNMENT. *A dual selection.* **Jane Jacobs'** incisive new book offering challenging, fresh concepts on how to promote life and economic growth in cities; *plus* **Milton Kotler's** highly original proposals for effective political power through local control. **$10.90**

84470. TOWARD A DEMOCRATIC LEFT. *Michael Harrington.* A powerful, stinging—and ultimately hopeful book which pinpoints the major social deformities in our system and recommends a drastic program of action. "The author ranks with Galbraith as a writer of social criticism." *—New York Times Book Review* **$5.95**

47330. EXPLORATIONS IN SOCIAL POLICY / THE POLITICS OF POVERTY. *A dual selection.* Alvin L. Schorr uncovers the failures of American social planning in his search for rational and comprehensive urban problems that will work. *Plus* John C. Donovan's brilliant appraisal of what was meant to be our greatest program of social reform: The War on Poverty. **$12.70**

36130. BEYOND RACISM. *Whitney M. Young, Jr.* A sane, challenging look at the racial problems now threatening to destroy the fabric of American urban and national life, including a brilliant historical analysis of the crippling effects of white racism on the black minority. Among concrete solutions offered are: community control, coalition of blacks and concerned whites, gradual displacement of welfare. **$6.95**

Who belongs to the Library of Urban Affairs?
Leading city planners, social scientists, government consultants, architects, concerned citizens.

What are the advantages?
Our editors select only the most useful, exciting, and valuable books in the field. They are offered to you at savings up to 30%. For every 4 books you buy, you get a free bonus book.

Should you *join?*
Only if you are seriously concerned, and want to be fully informed.

73330. THE RADIANT CITY. *Le Corbusier.* The master's brilliantly inventive "model" for the city of today—his most influential work. With hundreds of drawings, plans and photographs. *Counts as two of your three choices.* **$22.50**

32710. AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE AND URBANISM. *Vincent Scully.* A new and brilliant synthesis of the interaction of social and architectural problems that underlie the urban revolution. 525 magnificent photographs, drawings and maps. *Counts as two of your three choices.* **$18.50**

87140. WHITE POWER / BLACK FREEDOM. *Arnold Schuster.* A plan of action for mobilizing Americans to make drastic changes in the structure, values, and relationships in our country. Shows what White America must do to make the black man a free participant in society. **$11.50**

69720. POLICE POWER. Police Abuses in New York City. *Paul Chevigny.* A graphic study of the full range of police abuses by a staff attorney with the New York Civil Liberties Union. Shows the extraordinary difficulty of proving the innocence of anyone who is falsely arrested. **$6.95**

69780. PREFACE TO URBAN ECONOMICS. *Wilbur R. Thompson.* The single most useful handbook on the economics of urban development, covering the principles and implications of the economic forces at work upon today's urban society. **$7.50**

TRIAL MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

THE LIBRARY OF URBAN AFFAIRS, P.O. Box 8888, Riverside, N. J. 08075 8-812

Please enroll me as a trial member and send the 3 books whose numbers I have indicated. Bill me only $1.00 for each, plus shipping and handling. If not delighted, I will return them within 10 days and my membership will be cancelled. As a trial member, I need accept as few as 3 more selections during the next 12 months, always at reduced member prices plus shipping and handling, and I may cancel membership any time thereafter. Each month I will receive a newsletter describing the forthcoming selection, along with a convenient form for requesting alternate selections or no book at all. I understand I may choose a *free* bonus book for every 4 selections purchased. (Introductory offer counts as the first selection.)

Three Books for only $1.00 each
(write in numbers)

_____ _____

_____
**Certain expensive volumes count as 2 choices.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

Offer good in Continental U.S. and Canada only.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

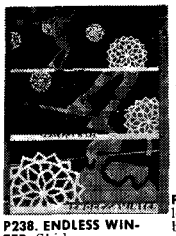
MARBORO'S VERITABLE ORGY OF POSTERS

Pins and tape take the place of frames.

colorful!
dramatic!
decorative!
very inexpensive!

Send your order to Marboro today.

$1 and up



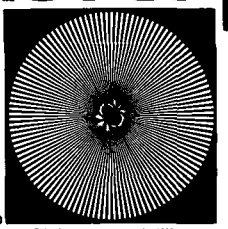
P238. ENDLESS WINTER. Ski bum paradise in blinding day-glo red, chartreuse, blue & white. 29" x 41". *Only* **1.98**

P239. PHOENIX. Rebirth of the legendary Phoenix; dayglo cerise, burnt orange, purple, green, chartreuse & black on blue back ground. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P294. TIMOTHY LEARY for GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA. Silkscreen day-glo greens, cerise, blue, brown. 20"x28". *Only* **1.98**

P246. BAEZ GIRLS. "Proceeds from the sale of this poster go to The Draft Resistance"; black & white. 29½"x42". *Only* **1.00**

P147. Hug: LION'S HEAD *On Canvas:* in brown tones and yellows. 22" x 28". *Only* **5.95**



P963. ZONK. In brilliant dayglo colors on black. 39½" square. *Only* **2.49**

P146. Hug: LEOPARD. *On Canvas*— a leopard in repose, lithographed in brown tones and yellows. 28" x 22". *Only* **5.95**

P127. MARIE THREE. The famous Marie in a Recamier pose—clad in Saran Wrap; in full color. 42"x 29½". *Only* **1.98**

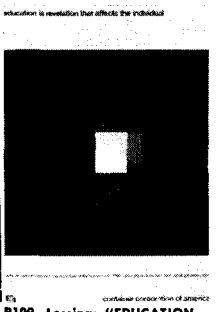
P117. PINK LADY. In day-glo pinks and burnt orange. 20¼" x 31¼" *Only* **1.98**

P110. Thoreau: ON INDIVIDUALITY. Painting by Hazard Durfee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P876. MARIE. Photograph in full color— 29¼" x 52½" *Only* **1.98**

P676. OSAKA EXPO '70 POSTER. Chrysanthemum in bronze-gold with red center on black background. 29¼"x 42". *Special* **1.98**

P111. Faulkner: "I BELIEVE . . . that man will not merely endure/he will prevail/ . . ." 30" x 45" *Only* **3.95**



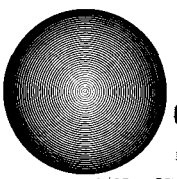
P215. SPACE, NOT WAR. Superbly detailed moon photo in black and white. 16" x 21". *Only* **1.00**

P109. Lessing: "EDUCATION IS REVELATION THAT AFFECTS THE INDIVIDUAL." Purples, reds, grays, yellow & white center. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P962. MORE MARIE. In full color on coated stock. 29½" x 42½" *Only* **1.98**

P775. KISS A TOAD TONIGHT. Toad in reds on olive green background. 25½" x 25½". *Special* **1.49**

P794. You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy's. The Levy's Rye Bread poster is now a full-fledged classic. Full Color; 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**



P677. TARGET. *HUGE* in blinding red, yellow, black and white. 40" x 40". *Special* **1.98**

P570. Toulouse-Lautrec: ARISTIDE BRUANT. Collotype in black, green and a subdued orange on a cream background. 20"x 28". *Special* **1.00**

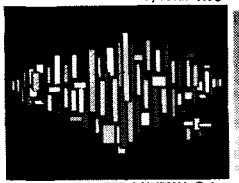
P880. BRIGITTE BARDOT. In Full Color—Bardot in necklace, golden hair, and water. 29½" x 42¼". *Only* **1.00**

P667. ENDLESS SUMMER. Iridescent hues of fuchsia, orange and mango with figures in black. 29¼" x 40". *Special* **1.98**

P737. Picasso: DON QUIXOTE. *On Artists' Canvas*—silk screen in black on white canvas. 20" x 24". *Special* **2.98**

P301. Dali: SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC—12 Plate Portfolio. Reproduced in *eight* colors. Incredibly imaginative, each a masterpiece. Each 14" x 18". *Portfolio of 12, Only* **9.95**

P187. GRETA. Painted lady motorcyclist athwart a Los Borrachos M.C. rod; full color. 42" x 29". *Only* **1.98**



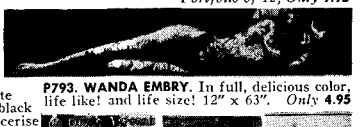
P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Color blocks in rhythmic pattern; dayglo greens, red, blue, orange, on black. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

P130. TOM THUMB Dayglo greens, reds & yellows on a blue background. 21" x 27". *Special* **1.98**

P789. SIGNALS OP circles and squares in day-glo fuchsia, dayglo green and rust. 25" x 23" x 29". 38". *Only* **1.00**

P240. U&I. Dayglo burntorange, rose, cerise, chartreuse on matte black. *Only* **1.98**

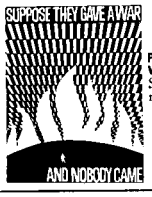
P242. WE SHALL OVERCOME. Matte black fist & rifle, black lettering, dayglo cerise & green circles on char treuse. 28" square. *Only* **1.49**



P793. WANDA EMBRY. In full, delicious color, life like! and life size! 12" x 63". *Only* **4.95**

P665. Klee: SENECIO. Hues of red, pink, yellow, cream and burnt orange. 15¾" x 17". *Only* **2.98**

P666. CHIQUITA BANANA. In ripe banana yellow. 19" x a 48¾" banana high. *Special* **1.00**



P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen in black and dayglo red. 25" x 38". *Special* **4.95**

P572. Toulouse-Lautrec: JANE AVRIL. Collotype in shades of green, yellow, subdued orange and gray. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

P177. "?" The world the dot of a question mark, with a mushroom cloud swirling above; in 4 colors. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P573. Toulouse-Lautrec: DIVAN JAPONAIS. Collotype in shades of green, gray-green, yellow and subdued orange. 20"x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

P780. Klee: FLOWERS IN STONE. Lithograph in orange, pale cream, green, blue, and rose. 18¾" x23½". *Pub. at $7.50. Now Only* **2.98**

P883. I WANT YOU. In subdued red and shades of blue. 29½" x 39½". *Only* **1.98**

ART EXHIBITION POSTERS

P249. PICASSO—LE CUBISME. 1953 Exhibition with famed "Demoiselles d'Avignon" in warm browns, ice-blue, ice-gray & blue, 20" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P250. HOMMAGE A CEZANNE. 1954 Exhibition with Cezanne's "Bathers" in muted greens & browns. 20" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P251. LAUTREC—VILLE DE NICE. 1954 Exhibition of Lautrec graphics; yellow, beige, gray, blue. 20" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P252. BRAQUE GRAVEUR. 1953 Exhibition poster in yellow, black, blue-gray & brown. 20" x 28". *Only* **1.00**

P286. Complete Set of 4 Posters. *Special* **3.88**

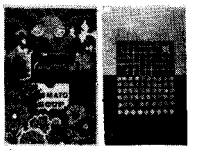
P835. Picasso: THE GUITARIST. Classic in blues with brown. 18" x 26½". *Pub. at $7.50* *Only* **2.98**

P112. FROGS. Dayglo cerise, orange, chartreuse, blue, green on matte black. 29"square. *Only* **1.98**

P571. Toulouse-Lautrec: MOULIN ROUGE. Collotype in shades of green, yellow, black and subdued orange. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Special* **1.00**

P837. Chagall: THE PRAYING JEW. In dark tones, icy blue-white, and yellow-green; 18¼" x 24". *Pub at $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

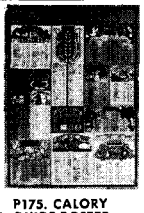
P878. JOIN THE CAVALRY. In subdued blues and browns. 29½" x 40¼". *Only* **1.98**



P976. CAMPBELL KID PSYCHEDELIA. Psychedelic foliage in a rainbow of bright, striking colors. 24" x 36". *Special* **1.98**

P790. OUT-OF-STEP. Blue and dayglo orange patterns out-of-step. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**

P884. A MAN AND A WOMAN. In dayglo cerise, green, orange, red, on matte black background. 29" x 40½". *Only* **1.98**



P175. CALORY GUIDE POSTER. 350 food and beverage items in several bright, attractive colors. 21" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

P871. Lorin Gillette: LOVE. Couple embracing against a background of sea and sand. 17¼" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

P858. Ben Shahn: YOU HAVE NOT CONVERTED A MAN BECAUSE YOU HAVE SILENCED HIM. Black & brown on white. 30"x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P276. WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS—INVEST YOUR SON. Lithograph in ice-blue, deep blue, and red lettering. 23" x 29". *Only* **4.95**

P115. CAT. In flaming dayglo green against dayglo cerise and orange background, 20¼" x 30" *Only* **1.98**

P193. THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER. Poster for the famous NYC clothing store après Rubens' Rape of the Sabine Women; reds, blues, browns. 22½" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

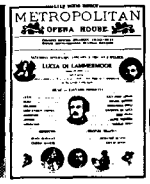
P233. LED ZEPPELIN— Atlanta Pop Festival. Dayglo red, orange & green on matte black. 21" x 30" *Only* **1.98**

P114. SPHERES. Vivid dayglo red, orange, and green spheres on a matte black background. 19" x 31". *Only* **1.98**

P190. HAVE YOU HAD YOUR PILL TODAY. Uncle Sam on the population explosion; black on white. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

P245. LA LUTTE CONTINUE. French student poster in dayglo red on white. 26" x 41". *Only* **1.49**

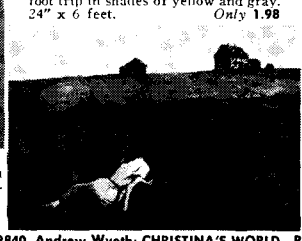


P986. LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR: Lily Pons' "Met" Debut, with Gigli, De Luca, Pinza. 12" x 16". *Only* **1.00**

P716. Mucha: BIERES DE LA MEUSE. Muted tones of purple, yellow-gold, red, cream. A huge 34¼" x 53". *Special* **2.98**

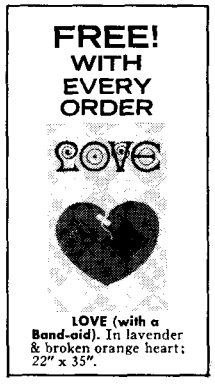
P157. PEACE ON EARTH. A young man's questions, with him since childhood, go unanswered, when he falls before an enemy bullet—shades of red & brown. 19" x 24". *Only* **1.98**

P282. SIX FOOT JOINT. A mighty six foot trip in shades of yellow and gray. 24" x 6 feet. *Only* **1.98**



P840. Andrew Wyeth: CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Magnificent collotype from the Museum of Modern Art: harvest colors on fine art stock. 28½" x 40". *Only* **7.49**

P280. WOODSTOCK—WE ARE ONE. Superb photo-montage of the Woodstock Festival in monochrome with green lettering. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.00**



LOVE (with a Band-aid). In lavender & broken orange heart; 22" x 35".

P305. PEACE-GOODWILL. Doré in *Dayglo* silkscreened in blinding cerise, orange and green. 27" x 21". *Only* **1.98**

P195. MAILER for MAYOR OF NYC. Full color Mailer-Breslin poster—map of NYC as the 51st STATE. 24" x 36½". *Special* **1.98**

P148. Hug: TIGER. *On canvas*—lithographed in brown tones and yellows 28"x 22". *Only* **5.95**

P987. DON'T TRIP. Warning, over a handsomely rendered banana peel; shades of green & banana yellow. 22" x 35". *Special* **1.00**

P159. LE SOLEIL—Tarot Card XVIIII. "The Sun," 19th card of arcana; mustard green & blue. 24¼" x 37¾". *Special* **1.00**

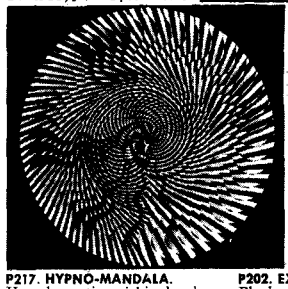
P220. INNOCENCE IS INVULNERABLE. John and Yoko in dayglo chartreuse, purple, orange and black. 19¼" x 26". *Only* **1.98**

P830. Hug: THE CAT. *On Genuine Artists' Canvas*—delightful Siamese cat in tones of brown, yellow and cream. 29¼" x 22¼". *Special* **5.95**

P296. Mucha: ZODIAC. In muted golds, creams, reds, zodiac circlet in pale blues & greens. 22" x 28". *Only* **1.49**

P285. WHO NEEDS YOU. Mad Magazine poster in red, white & blue. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

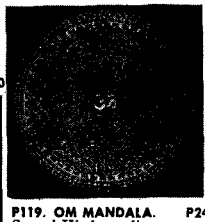
P307. HAIR—'THE DAWNING OF THE AGE OF AQUARIUS." Full color, muted browns predominate. 21" square. *Only* **1.98**



P217. HYPNO-MANDALA. Huge hypnotic swirl in dayglo red, yellow, blue, on a purple background. 20¼" square. *Only* **1.00**

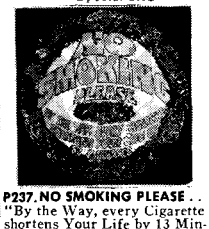
P202. EXHIBITION. Actors Playhouse production of Spiering's "Exhibition"; purple, blue, green, black. 23" x 37". *Only* **1.00**

P920. SPEED KILLS. Graphic photo portrayal. 31" x 24" *Only* **1.00**



P119. OM MANDALA. Sacred Hindu meditation symbol in gorgeous deep greens and gold, on heavy stock. 24" square. *Only* **1.98**

P241. TEOREMA. Poster for controversial, Vatican-denounced, Pasolini film; brilliant dayglo orange & red with black. 29"x32". *Only* **1.98**



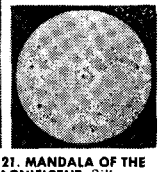
P237. NO SMOKING PLEASE . . "By the Way, every Cigarette shortens Your Life by 13 Minutes"; dayglo-brite lemon yellow, cerise, green, blue, orange on matte black. 21¼" square. *Only* **1.98**

P879. Picasso: TOREADOR. White line drawing on matte black background. 26" x 35". *Only* **1.49**

P101. LONDON ZOO. In black on white; on coated stock. 26" x 40". *Only* **2.95**

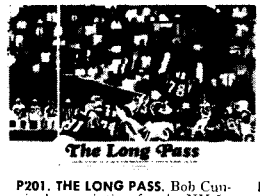
P872. Lorin Gillette: FREE. Nude, setting sun and waves; coated stock. 15½"x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

P219. CREATION OF BUTTERFLIES. Flashing dayglo hues of yellow, orange, cerise, blue and green on matte black. 23⅝" x 25⅝". *Only* **1.98**



P121. MANDALA OF THE MAGNIFICENT. Silkscreened in dayglo cerise with blue, purple & gold. 34" square. *Only* **2.98**

P118. DRAGON. Vivid dayglo colors on matte black. 21" x 29". *Only* **1.98**



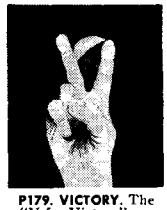
P201. THE LONG PASS. Bob Cunningham painting for the NY Jets biography from the Terrible Titans to Bdwy Joe Namath; full color. 44½" x 30". *Only* **3.95**

P706. PEACE. Iridescent reds & greens with white and red-brown. 30" x 19¾". *Special* **1.00**

P208. Tchelitchew: HIDE-AND-SEEK. Truly magnificent Museum of Modern Art reproduction; greens, red, yellows. 25⅜" x 23⅜". *Only* **7.49**

P214. Peter Max: MAN ON THE MOON: Apollo 11 commemorative poster in beautiful pastels on a space-black background. 36" x 24". *Only* **1.98**

P243. OMEGA. Resistance symbol in glaring dayglo orange on matte black. 30" square. *Only* **1.49**



P179. VICTORY. The "V-for-Victory" sign with a sunrise between the fingers; in 4 colors. 23"x29" *Only* **1.98**

P235. ZODIAC. Dayglo orange signs; constellations in blue; gold calligraphy, on matte black. 22" x 36". *Only* **1.98**

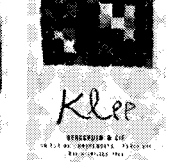
P292. FLAMING LOVE: Dayglo yellow, cerise, beige, on black. 21" x 26". *Only* **1.98**

ART EXHIBITION POSTERS

Eye-catching, attractive posters advertising famous European gallery exhibitions—each by a world-renowned artist—each handsomely printed in gorgeous colors on extra heavy white art stock. Each 20" x 28".

P648. Chagall Poster. *Special* **1.00**

P649. Dufy Poster. *Special* **1.00**



P646. Klee Poster. *Special* **1.00**

P295. PIG. Silkscreened maze of swirling dayglo chartreuse, cerise, blue & brown. 30" x 20". *Only* **1.98**

P113. UNCLE TOM. Green, brown, yellow predominate. 22½" x 33¼". *Only* **1.98**

P191. THE PILL is a NO-NO. Brown & yellow-beige. 11" x 17½". *Only* **1.00**

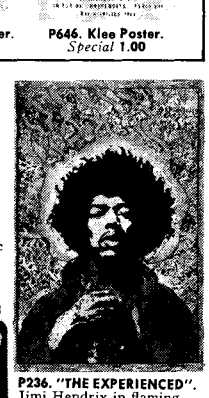
P921. LOVE. Psychedelic swirls of matte tones, subdued reds, blue, purple, yellow, green, black. 42½" x 31¾". *Only* **3.98**

P797. BAN THE BOMB. Superbly printed in brilliant dayglo color on a matte black background. 28¾" square. *Only* **1.49**

P131. Renoir: THE WAVE. Impressionist masterpiece; waves & sky in subtle hues of purple, blue, sand & ice-gray. 24" x 20¼". *Pub. at $7.50. Only* **2.98**

P234. APOLLO 11. First moon landing commemorative with blue, gold & red on white. 24" square. *Only* **1.98**

P244. BUTTERFLY. Vivid dayglo colors: cerise, orange, chartreuse, blue, green, on matte black. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**



P236. "THE EXPERIENCED". Jimi Hendrix in flaming dayglo purple, cerise, green, blue, burnt orange & matte black. 21" x 30¾". *Only* **1.98**

MAIL COUPON TODAY

marboro Dept. RA-183
131 Varick St., New York, N. Y. 10013

Please send me the items circled below. (Please add 50¢ postage and handling on all orders.)
MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $5.00

☐ Send C. O. D. ☐ Enclosed find $_____

Charge my (check one) _Amer. Exp. _Diners Club _Carte Blanche _Uni-Card _First Nat'l City Charge

& write in your account # _____

P101	P109	P110	P111	P112	P113
P114	P115	P117	P118	P119	P121
P127	P129	P130	P131	P146	P147
P148	P157	P159	P175	P177	P179
P187	P190	P191	P193	P195	P201
P202	P208	P214	P215	P217	P219
P220	P233	P234	P235	P236	P237
P238	P239	P240	P241	P242	P243
P244	P245	P246	P249	P250	P251

FREE with every order your copy of LOVE (with a Band-Aid) 22" x 35".

P252	P276	P280	P282	P285	P286
P292	P294	P295	P296	P301	P305
P307	P570	P571	P572	P573	P646
P648	P649	P665	P666	P667	P676
P677	P706	P716	P737	P775	P780
P788	P789	P790	P793	P794	P797
P830	P835	P837	P840	P858	P871
P872	P876	P878	P879	P880	P883
P884	P920	P921	P960	P962	P963
P976	P986	P987			

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

New York City residents add 6% city sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. A few cents extra for C.O.D. GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return order after 10-day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crash of The Jefferson Airplane

WHATEVER HAPPENED to good ol' rock 'n' roll? Eddie Cochran, Buddy Holly, and the Big Bopper died. Elvis Presley lost it at the movies. Chuck Berry holed up in Missouri—where he ain't about to show *any*body *any*thing. Little Richard got religion, then ungot it, but just can't stop shuckin' and jivin'. Jerry Lee Lewis was last seen goin' up the country. And that, more or less, was the Fifties.

Then last decade, the Beatles, like Eve, bit into an Apple—and they've been looking to get back to that primal paradise ever since (dig Ringo's nice-try, "Octopus's Garden," on *Abbey Road*). The Rolling Stones started gathering moss, as Brian (Jones) joined Brian (Epstein) in Avalon. Bob Dylan stepped in a country pie. The Doors closed. Cream curdled. Traffic stalled. Big Brother and the Holding Company went bankrupt—you might say the result of passing a bad chick. And that, less or more, was the Sixties.

The immediate inspiration for this sackcloth-and-ashes lamentation is a reading of Ralph J. Gleason's pseudo-book, *The Jefferson Airplane and the San Francisco Sound*, coupled with the recent release of the Jefferson Airplane's latest album, *Volunteers*.

You all know the rock 'n' ritual: born of the virgin Fifties, suffered under Chubby Checker, crucified by surfing, dead in Philadelphia, and buried by the folkies; on the third year of the Sixties, it rose again and ascended unto pop music heaven, where it sitteth on the left hand of the generation gap, from whence it shall come to judge the politicians and the over-30's. In actuality, of course, rock in the Year of our Lord 1970 is just as dazed and confused as ever—yearning for the simple, scared, and snide Fifties; groveling in the dirt around America's c&w roots; beating itself black-and-blues with distorted 12-bar structures. And yet the music itself is doing quite nicely.

What's most in trouble is the so-long-supposed "revolutionary spirit" of rock—that schizophrenic dream of wishful thinking and self-hype. Enter Ralph J. Gleason, San Francisco jazz critic and rock apologist. In his newspaper and magazine columns and in his book (75 per cent of which consists of transcripts of interviews with the Airplane and others), Gleason touts rock music as the panacea of all ills, the converter of souls and the secret revolutionary slowly making the world safe for the youth movement.

C'mon, Ralph—and you too, kids—grow up. Take a closer look at the Establishment. See, it's made of rubber—it co-opts by expanding, by stretching a little bit further and absorbing all the freaky excesses and aberrations. Acceptance, that's the real disarmament. The media canonize hippiedom, and soon Broadway's *Hair* offers the flesh rather than the spirit. One of these days grass will be legal, and then what? Big Brother moves over just enough; and as soon as he gets a piece of the action, the Angry Young Man settles for a lip-service revolution full of sound and fury and signifying nothing.

Consider the Jefferson Airplane, the San Francisco group with the broadest popular appeal, long considered symbolic of the revolutionary aspects of the youth movement. In the popular mentality the Airplane, even more than the Grateful Dead, became equated with San Francisco: benefit performances and free outdoor concerts; freaky people lighting up and dancing freely, in complete control of their lives; "Jefferson Airplane Loves You" and "Feed Your Head." The group's magical name spread the San Francisco mystique far and wide; Britisher Donovan even wrote "Fat Angel" in their honor—"Fly Jefferson Airplane, gets you there on time."

IT ALL BEGAN inauspiciously in 1965, when artist-folksinger Marty Balin decided to start a musicians' nightclub and form a rock band to play there. By late summer he had taken control of the Matrix, a small bar on Fillmore Street, and had brought together the original Jefferson Airplane (with slightly different people and with a name from a shortened joke blues monicker, "Blind Thomas Jefferson Airplane"). The group scuffled around for the next year or so, just a part of the evolving San Francisco scene. Then RCA Victor, a record company which was then (as now) sorely in need of rock talent, signed the Airplane—for a $20,000 advance that marked the beginning of up-front money for young rock groups.

By 1967, the roster of individuals in the group had stabilized to what it is today: Marty Balin and Grace Slick, vocals; Paul Kantner, guitar and some vocals; Jorma Kaukonen, lead guitar; Jack Casady, bass; and Spencer Dryden, drums—good musicians all (Kaukonen and Casady actually among the greatest in all of rock), with three or four strong songwriter-vocalists as well. Not only that, but through time each Airplane crewmember has proven personable, articulate and outspoken.

But aside from the Airplane's many talents, the band also had a few breaks, such as their one-album headstart on the other Bay Area bands by the time of the Monterey Pop Festival—and their friend (later manager) Bill Thompson's well-timed publicity gimmicks: buttons and stickers reading "Jefferson Airplane Loves You." (Originally the verb was to have been "tongues," but more cautious heads prevailed.) Soon the two songs Grace brought with her from the collapse of the Great Society—"Somebody to Love" and "White Rabbit"—soared high on the pop charts, as did the band's studio-tight second album, *Surrealistic Pillow*. "Feed Your Head" became the national refrain, and the Airplane began to tour for big money.

By the end of 1967, the Airplane had made it in magazines and on national television and through several grueling months of work on album number three, the tense, peculiar, stylistically innovative *After Bathing at Baxter's*. (RCA's fears overruled the suggested title, *Good Shit*.) In addition, the group cut some brief commercials for Levi Strauss; not only was this a dubious activity for a supposedly non-capitalistic, free-spirit band, but the ads were horrendous to boot.

Early in 1968, the Airplane split from their second manager, Bill Graham; the parting was a relatively amicable

by Ed Leimbacher

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one. The group also demanded from RCA—and to some extent obtained—greater control of album production and subsequent promotion; they agitated too for quality recording studios in San Francisco.

The Airplane's successes that year were spectacular: a fall tour of England and Holland with the Doors, a gold LP for *Surrealistic Pillow*, the cover slot in Life's rock music issue, a film with Eldridge Cleaver for Jean-Luc Godard, and a best-selling fourth release. That album, *Crown of Creation*, seemed more a holding action than an advance, but its gall-and-wormwood bitterness accurately reflected the changing mood of America's radical young.

Equally symbolic was the Airplane's second appearance on the *Smothers Brothers Show*: Grace wore blackface and gave the clenched fist salute. Later she said it was a way of evening up the show's skin-color scheme. She also commented, "A bored socialite can do the same thing."

Through October at least, 1969 was another year of uppers and downers for the Airplane. Marijuana busts in the South and Hawaii; more arguments with RCA over the language of some lyrics; Grace in the hospital for a second operation for throat nodes. But Kaukonen and Casady were also jamming here, there and everywhere, and continuing to amaze the music world with their instrumental brilliance. And late in the summer there was Woodstock (but what's so good about feelin' bad?) and an appearance on the *Dick Cavett Show*. During the latter, the Airplane managed to slip the word "motherfucker" out over the air waves—yes, Mr. and Mrs. America, you heard it first from the Jefferson Airplane.

The real news, however, was *Bless Its Pointed Little Head*, the group's fifth LP and first "live" album—a great success all around, filled with power and humor and surprise. Its impact seems particularly ferocious when compared to that of other live releases by San Francisco groups, such as Big Brother's *Cheap Thrills* and the Dead's *Anthem of the Sun*.

And that was where the Jefferson Airplane had gotten to when album number six, *Volunteers*, appeared late in October. The group was four years young; the people older, wiser and a bit richer; their music stronger than ever. Right up there with the Beatles, the group represented the best and the worst of rock. Put their adventurous music—jazz-improvisational jamming from Kaukonen, Casady and Dryden, plus strange lyrics and dynamic singing from the others—over against their abortive ads for white Levis. Set the inroads they've managed to make against a commercial record company for creative control of their own thing alongside the recently revealed skeleton-in-the-closet that Paul Kantner borrows many of his lyrics from other writers without giving them credit (among them, A. A. Milne, John Wyndham and—a nice irony—Ralph J. Gleason). Compare the Airplane's much-vaunted revolutionary spirit with the not-so-harsh realities: trumped-up pot busts, Grace giving the power-to-the-people salute, Marty swearing sweetly on *Dick Cavett*.

THAT, YOU SEE, is where it's at for the Airplane. Theatricality. Harmless words and grand gestures rather than truly radical actions. As though the Establishment, like RCA Victor, can't manage to swallow a bit of *impolitesse* without blinking. Seen in this light, Grace's remark is right on: a bored socialite *can* do the same thing.

So Gleason's objects of veneration are

Photographs by Jim Marshall

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a trifle hollow. Aside from perhaps the Byrds, no other American rock group has recorded a more impressive corpus of music; but the Airplane's revolutionary sword is looking a bit rusty. Yet *Volunteers*—on first hearing at least—seems to have attained that fine-honed radical edge.

In terms of sheer music, *Volunteers* is the greatest Airplane album yet; they may have taken off four years ago, but they didn't reach the stratosphere till now. Not only has the group produced ten of its strongest numbers ever, but there's a bit of frosting on the cake from guest instrumentalists like Steve Stills (of Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, and whoever else they may have added lately) and Jerry Garcia of the Dead.

But *Volunteers* also seems designed specifically to freak out all right-wingers—the kind of cretins, that is, who think in terms of "Communist-dope-fiend-hippie-pervert-Jews." The album cover sports "photos" from a send-up of Woodstock called the Paz (South Dakota) Chin-In (*paz*, of course, means peace in Spanish)—together with U.S. flags and marijuana plants. The record grooves are even more provocative.

On the one hand, there's simplicity and excellent guitar work in Kaukonen's gospel tune, "Good Shepherd," and a cynical, inside-the-music-industry group-sing called "A Song for All Seasons." But, in addition, Grace offers a one-minute version of the Russian tune, "Meadowlands"; and Paul Kantner leads the way through "Wooden Ships," an after-the-war chiller which he wrote with Steve Stills and David Crosby. Most interesting of all are two blatantly revolutionary calls-to-action and a third song which passes beyond that to an entirely different political philosophy.

"We Can Be Together" opens the album with a rousing tune and a street-level lyric from the "outlaws" of America:

Up against the wall
Up against the wall, motherfucker
Tear down the walls
Tear down the walls . . .

By the end of the album—in the Balin-Kantner title tune—the outlaws have indeed gotten it together, and have become "volunteers" out in the streets:

Hey now it's time for you and me
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Come on now we're marching to the sea
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Who will take it from you
We will and who are we
We are volunteers . . .

Lyrics guaranteed to prick the RCA ulcers, earn the opprobrium of the elders of our tribe, and win hearty applause from the Airplane's peers. Ah, but it's just another gesture—and the group knows it. Are the youth of America about to rise up en masse and storm the barricades singing "Volunteers"?

Grace Slick provides the answer in "Eskimo Blue Day." Her vocalizing in "Hey Frederick" goes through heart-catching changes, but here she's cold, harsh, and truthful:

Consider how small you are
Compared to your scream
The human dream
Doesn't mean shit to a tree.

But nihilism has never been a popular philosophy. The radicals, with their vision of means to an end, will simply ignore "Eskimo Blue Day"—just as America-at-large will ignore the Airplane's latest revolutionary album.

Not that it won't sell. If things are just, *Volunteers* will go on selling forever—it's that good, that important to rock. But its political effect can only be slight. Ineffectual revolution, that's what's happening. The Airplane may sing, "Up against the wall, motherfucker," but the printed lyric sheet just reads, "Up against the wall fred."

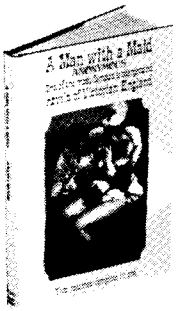
Whatever happened to good ol' rock 'n' roll? It grew up and got concerned, and then pretentious, and then weary and cynical. And that, more or less, is today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE 3 Extraordinary Books with Your Subscription to EVERGREEN REVIEW

THE MOST EXCITING, TUNED-IN MAGAZINE PUBLISHED TODAY

PLUS A SUBSCRIPTION SAVING OF 25%

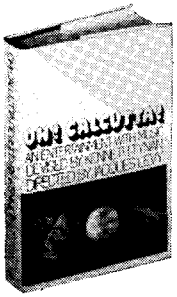


A MAN WITH A MAID

A Runaway National Best Seller 2 Volumes in One

An anonymous classic of literature in the Victorian tradition, this novel explores with rare candor the various relationships between a gentleman and a woman whom he holds in bondage.

OH! CALCUTTA!



An Entertainment devised by Kenneth Tynan.

Here is the sensational stage presentation, sold out at box office prices to $25 a seat. The 13 brilliant sketches by Beckett (just awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature), Feiffer, Tynan, Lennon and others deal with almost every conceivable erotic fantasy and sexual reality Western Man has dreamed up or experienced. Also included are 6 plays not in the final stage production. Over 60 photographs.

JULIETTE

6 volumes complete in 1 giant volume.

One of the most extraordinary works of literature ever written. Juliette is the embodiment of evil —and these 1216 pages detail her debauched career as only the Marquis de Sade could do. Her adventures involve Popes, Kings, Queens, aristocrats and a cast of characters which has no parallel in literature.

Enjoy Adult, Adventurous Reading in the new Monthly EVERGREEN REVIEW and Save 25%

Yes, take not one, but all three of these eagerly-sought after books FREE as our Anniversary Gift to celebrate a new phase of the exciting cultural explosion we are living in, as Evergreen Review becomes a *monthly* magazine (instead of publishing every two months).

Now you, too, can enjoy each month "*...one of the most important literary periodicals in the U.S.*" (NEWSWEEK), bringing you the most adult—the most literate—the most exciting and meaningful writing, theatre and art on today's cultural scene. Every issue is a fresh experience, filled with the work of the most gifted writers, artists, playwrights, and photographers in the world today—lavishly illustrated with more eye-opening color, more stunning photos, more dazzling visual beauty than your eyes have ever seen. Over 200,000 readers (grown from 25,000 just eighteen months ago) are provoked, stimulated and delighted each month with such articles and features as these, drawn from recent issues;

- **MARIJUANA AND SEX**—A University Professor reports on astonishing interviews with 200 users.
- **ELDRIDGE CLEAVER RAPS**—A no-holds barred interview with the Black Panther Minister of Information.
- **THE NEW EROTICISM**—A noted art critic surveys and illustrates the new sexuality in the world of painting, sculpture and dance.
- **THE BEARD**—the full text of the sensational "funny, fast and authentically outrageous brilliant little monster of a play." (Newsweek)
- **EP (EPIDERMAL) ART**—Six colorful pages of eight fantastic females illustrating this wild art form.
- **CHE GUEVARA**—What really happened in the Bolivian jungles, plus Che's own reminiscences of the guerrilla days with Fidel Castro.
- **I WAS CURIOUS**—Excerpts from the diary of this sensational Swedish film kept by the Director.
- **WHITE WOMAN — BLACK MAN** — Julius Lester talks first with the wife, then with the husband, to provide a moving picture of a mixed marriage.
- **A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT EROTICA** — Alain Robbe-Grillet, one of France's most distinguished novelists, expresses his intriguing views on everything sexual from Kinsey to Cardinale.
- **CONFESSIONS OF A HIPPIE**—An exclusive interview telling it like it is on the hippie scene . . . sex, drugs, babies, homosexuality.
- **ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD**—the complete script of this international hit that may well be one of the enduring plays of this century.
- **THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TRIP** — Timothy Leary takes you on a guided visit to turned-on Anglo-India, a hip session of London's Parliament and the Beatles' revelations.

AND MORE, MORE, MORE!

Exciting? Yes. Provocative? Yes. Fresh and literate? Yes. Why miss out on the Evergreen Review explosion? Take advantage of this introductory subscription at the low rate of only $9 for the next year—12 issues at a saving of $3 from the newsstand price. And at the same time, you receive the three exciting books shown here as your FREE BONUS. There never was a better time to see the new monthly Evergreen Review.

PLUS FREE CLUB MEMBERSHIP — You also receive full benefits of membership in the Evergreen Club, the only Club of its kind that makes available honest, powerful, adult books which may never show up at your corner bookstore. Members **never** have to buy any book ever, but if they do, they benefit from unusually low Club prices. Your membership is completely free.

"This magazine has long been one of the most important literary periodicals in the U.S. . . ." (where) "some of our best authors sought to deliver themselves, alive and burning, onto the printed page."
Newsweek

"Evergreen has printed more of the new and the important than any other review . . ."
San Francisco Examiner

"The reader marvels at all the fine writers that Evergreen has befriended in the last ten years. It is the last of the great publishing-house magazines . . ."
The Nation

Anniversary Gift Enrollment

EVERGREEN REVIEW R-13
315 Hudson Street,
New York, N.Y. 10013

Gentlemen: I wish to take advantage of your offer which entitles me to one year (12 issues) of **Evergreen Review** at the low rate of $9 (saves 25% from the newsstand price). I'll also receive as a Gift one copy each of *Oh! Calcutta!*, *Juliette* and *Romance of Lust*. In addition, I am to receive all benefits of Evergreen Club Membership with no obligation to buy any book ever.

Special Bonus Offer: If you enclose payment now, you will also receive a free copy of a fourth book—I AM CURIOUS.

☐ Enclosed is my check for _____
☐ Please bill me

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

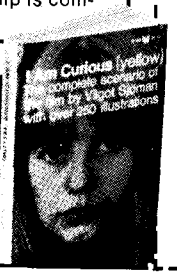
☐ SAVE $2 more: Check here if you prefer 2 years (24 issues) at only $16 (an extra saving of $2)—**plus all free books as above.**

Plus ... an Extraordinary Anniversary Bonus for you

The complete scenario and over 250 still photos from the sensational Swedish film,

I AM CURIOUS (yellow)

It is yours as an extra free bonus on this Anniversary simply for saving the bother of bookkeeping and billing on your introductory subscription.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We're obsessed with near sighted disputes based on race, ideology and so on....We call for 4000 united convicts....Don't let the pigs harass you into a bad move.... Let's get it together for a while."
—*from the San Quentin* Outlaw, *suppressed by the prison Warden*

Using Racism at San Quentin

"I've been accused of being a simple man, and I think that's true. I believe in a system of reward and punishment. This is no Boy Scout camp."

—Louis S. Nelson, Warden of California's San Quentin prison

WHAT HAD BEGUN as a protest by Black Muslims against San Quentin's prison conditions quickly veered out of control and developed into full-scale racial warfare. By mid-January, there had been sporadic outbreaks of violence, and two convicts, both white, had been stabbed to death by unknown assailants. Two days later, the whole prison was engulfed in chaos.

The biting smell of tear gas hung heavy in the air as small bands of inmates raged through the yards, breaking windows and pausing to attack stragglers of the opposite race. A series of fires erupted in the cellblocks, belching angry black smoke over the prison's 400 acres. By late afternoon, more than half of San Quentin's 4000 prisoners had converged on the main exercise yard. Armed with pipes, wooden clubs, daggers fashioned from scissor halves, forks twisted into brass knuckles and other bizarre weapons, they massed for a final showdown. 1500 whites, a few of them with hand-made iron crosses around their necks and clumsy swastikas tatooed on their arms, formed at one end of the yard; 1000 blacks stood at the other. As if acting out a ritual, they began to advance, throwing rocks and bricks, and protecting themselves with shields made from mess-hall trays.

There was less than 50 feet of daylight between the front ranks when the prison guards and police brought in from outlying cities finally began to act, laying down what one observer later called "a wall of fire" with shotguns and rifles. Although weapons were supposedly aimed at the ground, several convicts crumpled, hit either directly or by ricochetting slugs. Shouting and cursing at the guards and each other, the two armies hesitated for a moment, then broke and ran.

The January, 1967 riot was one of the most serious disturbances in San Quentin's 115-year history. One prison official later admitted that it was "a miracle" that only two men were killed. Countless more were injured, 18 of them seriously enough to require hospitalization. It took several hours after the convicts had finally been herded back to lock-up to collect the more than 1500 pounds of homemade weapons that lay scattered over the battlefield, and it was several days before the prison regimen returned to normal.

The local newspaper called it "a con war," placing the story on the front page for a day and then letting it die. An aide from Governor Ronald Reagan's office appeared on the scene at the height of the violence, looked around, and then left for Sacramento, assuring reporters, "People here at San Quentin know their job. They acted decisively."

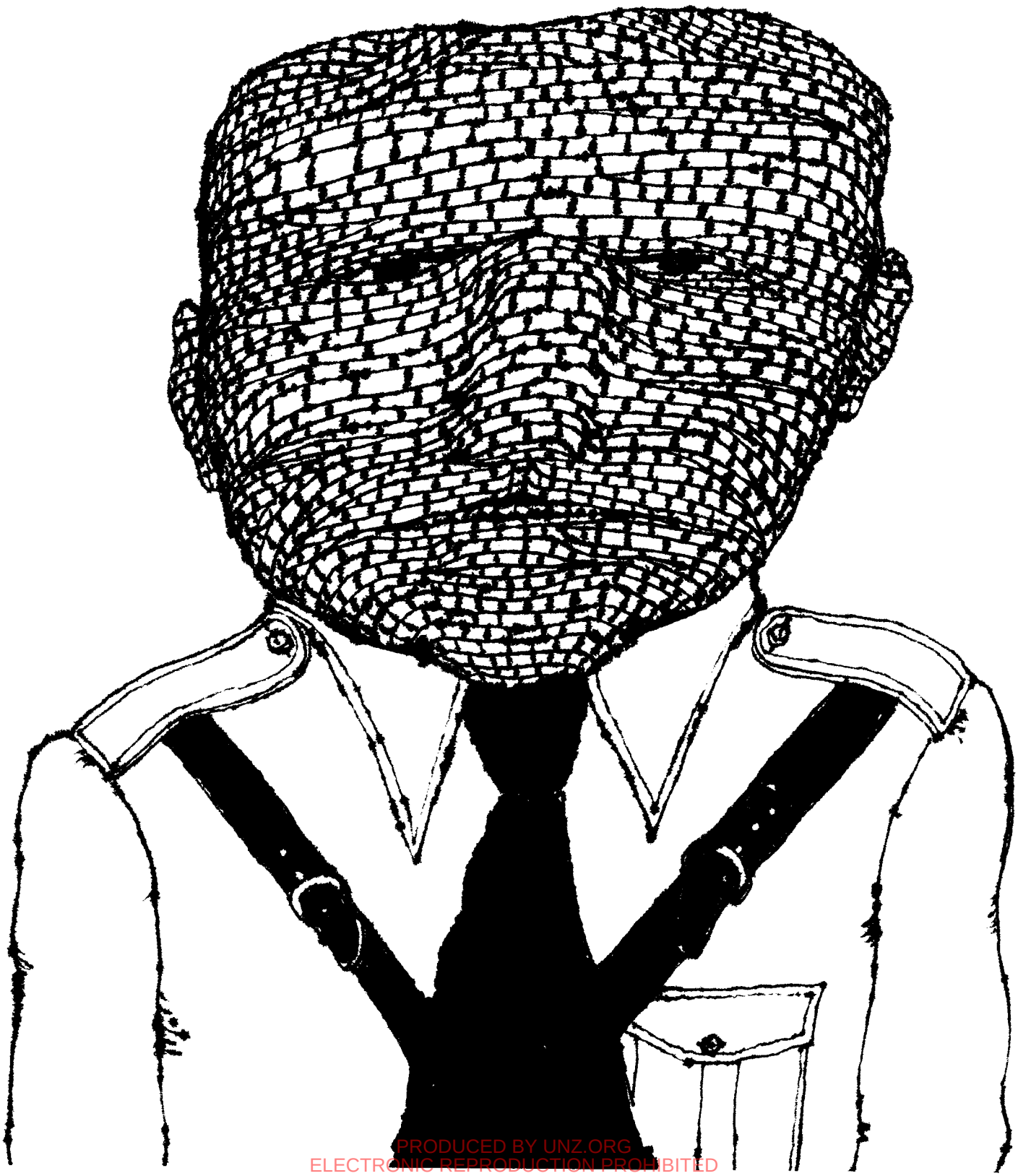
There were no investigations, no commissions appointed. The riot was business as usual at San Quentin, the sort of behavior the public has been taught to expect from convicts, the sort of behavior that supposedly justifies their presence in prison. As soon as order was re-established, this latest skirmish in the continuing prison race war was forgotten—by everyone except the convicts. They surveyed the ashes at San Quentin and knew that the bloodbath would be re-enacted again and again unless something changed. No one else cared, so they decided to make the changes themselves.

THE TREMORS THAT have shaken society-at-large during the '60s have only gradually, and in waves of diminished strength, reached places like San Quentin. But they have made themselves felt, creating a situation favorable to change among the inmate population. The "old" convict was poorly educated and largely unaware of what was taking place outside prison walls. He internalized society's view of him as human refuse and frequently spent his prison years in self-annihilating behavior. If he clashed with the administration, it was either through acts provoked by inarticulate, bottled-up rage, or through the collective hysteria of the race riot. In recent years, however, there has been an influx of prisoners who are of a new mold. The "new"

by Robert Minton and Stephen Rice

Illustrations by Stephen Osborn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prisoner might be a drug user or dealer, a "violent" protester, a draft resister or a civil rights worker. He may or may not consider himself a political prisoner, but he appreciates the value of organization and tends to identify the system—not other individuals—as the enemy.

The January riot acted as a catalyst for channeling the deep discontent of the prisoners into a unified, political protest. After the hostility and paranoia induced by the disturbances had subsided, various inmate leaders began discussing the problem. The dialogue took place on several levels. Officially, there was the Inmate Advisory Council, a traditionally impotent body of elected convicts which negotiates minor grievances with the Warden's Office. Discussion also went on in the unofficial channels which honeycomb a prison and provide an underground communications network. There was talk in the exercise yards, in inmate meetings during "free" time, in the cellblocks after the evening meal. Inmate leaders acknowledged the self-defeating nature of internal fighting, and the word went out that race warfare is a technique used by the prison power structure to keep the inmates divided and therefore impotent.

A truce was established between organizations like the Black Muslims and the Bluebirds (a Nazi cadre in San Quentin which organizes through contraband copies of Mein Kampf and propaganda from the American Nazi Party), and between other, more moderate groups. Because the official prison newspaper, The San Quentin News, was heavily censored by the administration—the Warden allowing no printed criticism either of the institution or the staff—several inmate leaders began to publish a one-page underground newspaper called The Outlaw.

Printed on a mimeograph machine stolen from the prison, The Outlaw quickly became an important force in shaping the new mood among the prisoners at San Quentin. By the end of the year, racial hostility had been subdued, and a serious attempt was being made to educate the inmate population about the real reasons for the desperation of prison life. By February 1968, the inmates had organized a work sit-down strike to test their new unity. The strike turned out to be the most effective unified action ever to take place at the prison, forcing a shutdown of the prison's cotton textile mill as well as most of the other prison industries. More importantly, the work stoppage enabled the prisoners to dramatize their grievances and led the California Assembly Committee on Criminal Procedures to schedule a meeting to hear their complaints.

At this point, the prison administration became alarmed and attempted to break up the inmates' organization. Suspected leaders were shipped out to Folsom, Soledad, and other California prisons. Guards invaded the cellblocks at all hours for nude "shakedowns" of the inmates, in part as harassment, but also to search for communications and documents. The writing, copying and distribution of The Outlaw became more difficult. Finally the mimeograph machine, which had been kept one jump ahead of the guards for several weeks, was seized. The paper continued to appear periodically, however, testifying to the inmates' ingenuity and political ties with the outside world. The copy was still written on the inside, but it was then smuggled to sympathizers outside the prison. There, 5000 copies were mimeographed and mailed back into the prison, picked off from the mail room, and transported to prison buildings in a laundry bag. Bundles of The Outlaw were dropped at key cells in each cellblock during timed intervals in the guards' rounds. From there they were distributed to each prisoner. One copy was placed on Warden Nelson's desk to await his arrival in the morning.

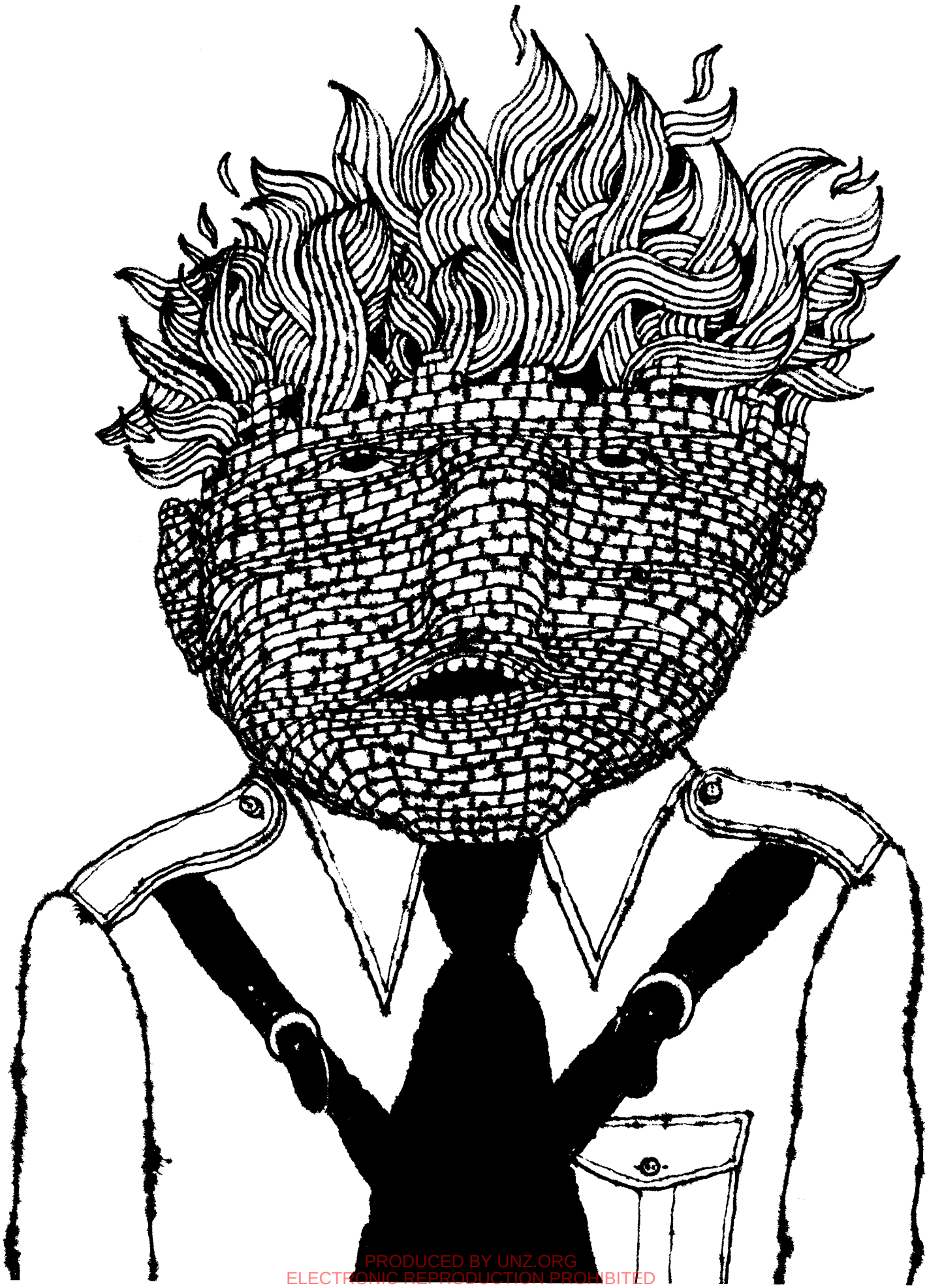
The July 1, 1968 issue of The Outlaw illustrates the situation inside the "joint" at that time. Another wave of racial distrust had just been stimulated by the prison power structure—mainly through the activities of guards who went from one group of inmates to another, conveying supposed threats and fomenting racial hatred. "Some of us don't seem to know what side we're on," said the paper. "We're obsessed with near-sighted disputes based on race, ideology and so on. . . . We permit them to keep us at each other's throats. But a handful of us are calling for UNITY. This is for a purpose. We want to crush this empire that has been erected on our suffering. We call for 4000 united convicts. . . . We will lose everything if we play into the CDC's [California Department of Corrections] hands and let them move us into a riot situation. Don't let BIG RED win at this point in the game! All he needs is a riot situation. . . . Don't let the pigs harass you into a bad move. . . . Let's get it together for a while."

The Outlaw went on to remind convicts of the Unity Day planned for August, 1968. The August demonstration was an almost totally successful example of the new inmate solidarity. It was a widely publicized protest, with nearly all of the San Quentin convicts remaining in their cells over the weekend to prove that they spoke with one voice about prison conditions. Large crowds of sympathizers massed outside the prison walls, and big-name rock bands played to support inmate grievances.

Writing about the event, associate warden James Park said, ". . . San Quentin provided a testing site for a new type of prison revolt planned and executed by a mixed group of prisoners, former prisoners, academic penologists and adherents of various New Left philosophies." The protest was a success, he admitted, "because they demonstrated, perhaps for the first time in American penal history, that outsiders could conspire with prisoners to cripple the normal operations of a prison. The age-old dissatisfactions of the convict were transformed into a well-planned and sophisticated attack on state laws and policies, the operations of the paroling agency, the limitations on legal rights of parolees, the indeterminate sentence, and other issues far removed from the usual minor food grievances."

Park was correct in suggesting that the protest was stimulated by something more than San Quentin's notoriously bad food. As a result of their organization, the inmates had been able to draw up an eloquent bill of particulars damning the entire California penal system. Highest on the list was the California Adult Authority, the chimerical and antagonistic board in charge of paroles. Inmates prepare for months to have their parole meeting, only to face men who are neither penologists nor psychiatrists, but often hostile political appointees, former police officers, district attorneys, etc. A prisoner cannot be represented by an attorney nor can he present testimony in his own behalf. As one prisoner put it, "Whether or not you get paroled depends on what kind of mood the parole board is in." Given the people who sit in judgment, it is more likely than not to be a bad one. A former inmate recalls a session of the board in which one of the ex-policemen stood up, unbuttoned his shirt, and showed scars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

left by knife wounds. He shouted at the potential parolee, "Punks like you gave me these."

The inmates also pointed out in their statement that even those lucky enough to get out on parole remain under the Adult Authority's iron fist for varying lengths of time. They complained that the parolee is given $40, a "new" suit and a bus ticket to his destination, where he will face the business world's discrimination against ex-cons, and probably an unsympathetic and bureaucratic parole officer. Half of those paroled are back in prison within five years, a recidivism rate that has not changed in the last 20 years.

For most convicts, the indeterminate sentence is the cruelest of all the weapons arrayed against them because it prevents them from making plans with their families or for future employment. Five years to life is a common California sentence. This means that a prisoner can get out after three and a half years if he is "good" and will stay in for the rest of his life if he is "bad"—the terms being defined by the prison authorities. Not wanting to take what is commonly regarded as a moronic course in vocational training is "bad"; so is refusing to take group counseling courses which under the direction of prison officials turn into sessions in which one inmate "finks" on another or on himself.

The prisoners' document also contained myriad complaints arising from the physical conditions of the prison. Prisoners are given roommates and put into four-foot cells stacked in five tiers. Twenty-three trades courses are taught, ranging from auto mechanics to plumbing, but less than eight per cent of the prison population can be accommodated in them. There are the make-work prison industries, like the cotton mill, at which an inmate can earn from 2 to 16 cents an hour, redeemable at the San Quentin canteen. But inmates know that the San Quentin cotton mill is the only one in the state—and thus hardly good preparation for future jobs.

There is also the issue of intimidation by the guards, who are often racist as well as sadistic. (One guard, for instance, was heard to say during the 1967 riot: "I heard that warning ring and I grabbed me a shotgun and got to the roof so I could get me a nigger.") The prisoners pointed out that the Department of Corrections ranks very low as a state priority and that when Ronald Reagan cut the prison's budget by ten per cent in 1967, only 18 of the 389 guards were dismissed, while 23 of the meager staff of instructors and rehabilitation counselors were fired.

AFTER THE UNITY DAY PROTEST, the inmate leadership was euphoric about its ability to communicate these grievances and to have some impact on their resolution by the state legislative investigators. They worked hard to keep the racial peace and to complete a long report to be presented to the Assembly Criminal Procedures Committee, scheduled to visit San Quentin early in 1969. By the first week in February, the report had been written, edited and typed. Warden Nelson had promised that copies could be made and handed out not only to members of the Assembly Committee but also to the press; on February 12 the inmates sent the report to him for approval. Three days later the ditto masters were returned with the message that the document had been rejected. One of the leaders says, "The reasons for not approving it were the stuff of a scene for the theater of the absurd. I laughed, but it hurt just the same." Warden Nelson thought the 78-page report altogether too pointed in its criticism both of San Quentin and of the entire state penal philosophy.

It was three days until the hearing. A frenzy of collective activity ensued as typewriters and carbon paper were appropriated and prisoners settled down in secret to reproduce the report by hand. One of the "chief editors" describes the feverish work of one of the teams this way: "We clicked, hummed, tinkled the bell and shuffled paper. We were three dudes hooked up to make an automated engine. The music of production has its soul stuff, too. . . ." By the morning of February 18, an original and four hand-made copies of the report were ready for the meeting—a report which one penologist would later call "absolutely brilliant."

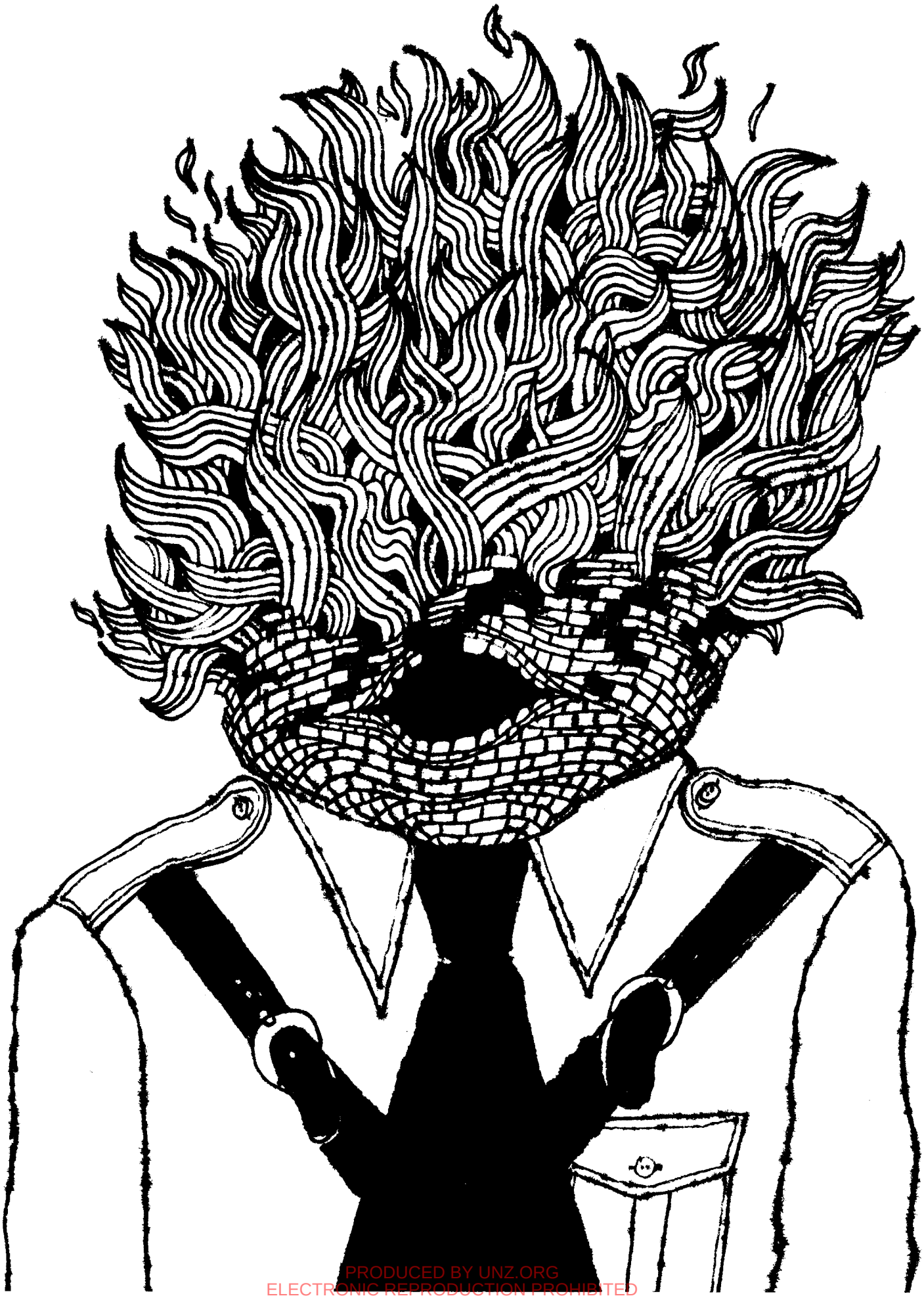
The inmate leadership had originally attempted to send a summary of their report to the chairman of the Criminal Procedures Committee prior to the hearing, in order to maximize the time available for discussion. They had also requested information regarding the procedures to be followed during the hearing. But Warden Nelson refused to permit them to establish any communication with the committee. They went in cold.

On the afternoon of the 18th, three members of the Assembly Committee appeared, along with some reporters. Several inmate spokesmen were allowed to speak their piece. During one such testimony, the disguise was removed from the inmates' report and a copy was quickly handed to the committee chairman. The spirit and excitement of the occasion is captured in a recollection written by one of the inmates present at the time: "All the hassles, harangues, and sundry et ceteras coalesce into singular determination—to make a showing. Each individual gear meshed with its brother; and white man, black man, Mexican-American and Indian peel off as one vehicle in high gear. We laid it on, got down, and joined the beautiful people movement. We were grooving. My turn comes to testify. I rush up with mumbo-jumbo in my head and falter. A little help comes from my fellows; convicts as convicts, a multicolored minority group, prison pen ghetto brothers like you never saw. Then everything's all right. We're in the image of God too, man."

The hearing had come off; the report had been delivered. It didn't matter if the report gathered dust in the dreary halls of the state legislature: the prison power structure had been challenged. The cons had proved that they could get it together, and the prospects for making San Quentin livable some day seemed good.

THE CHALLENGE TO the prison power structure was perhaps more menacing than the prisoners themselves realized during this optimistic time. What was happening hadn't gone unnoticed by San Quentin officials, and in the months that followed, every attempt was made to break the back of the prisoners' movement. Several of the inmate leaders, made visible during the visit of the investigating committee, were picked off and shipped out to other prisons. Requests for meeting rooms were denied to racial groups like SATE (black) and Emplayo (chicano), which had worked to build unity within the prison population. Men were kept locked up in the various wings to minimize informal meetings on the "free yard," thus blocking the exchange of information. Activities at the prison were kept to a minimum, and once again guards were passing manufac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tured threats among antagonistic racial groups whose hatreds had just barely been brought under control. Worst of all, inmates watched helplessly as guards smuggled guns, knives and raw materials for weapons into the hands of those most likely to use them on other inmates. The system by which the prison ran was in peril, and the power structure struck back at the inmates' organization by once again dividing to conquer.

A few short months after the February triumph, the solidarity movement at San Quentin was coming apart at the seams. The organization gradually deteriorated under the onslaught of the administration, and soon the "low riders," punks and racial fanatics were able to take over. The remnants of the massive planning and cooperation which had led to The Outlaw, the Unity Day protest, and the issuing of the prisoners' eloquent plea for a redress of grievances were washed away with the blood of the first killing in April, 1969.

It occurred at an evening movie. The reasons are obscure, but it seems to have been a "debt" killing rather than one based on race. The victim was a black moneylender who had loaned a sum to another party, who had in turn loaned it to the killer, who later said he committed the act because he couldn't pay back the loan and feared an attempt on his own life. While the movie was in progress in the darkened mess hall, the killer approached the victim from behind and stabbed him in the back.

With the dissolution of the united front, the prison again polarized into the most available division—black against white. The blacks, enraged by the cowardly killing in the mess hall, began to recruit avengers and to plan their reprisal. Three days later, two blacks drew knives on four whites and cut them up badly.

Over the following weekend, the whites spent their free time planning for retaliation. When it came, it was of a nature which shows that everyone, regardless of conviction, is vulnerable when race war begins in a prison. Reprisal was based on color and was therefore non-selective. The whites executed a carefully planned attack on three older blacks who had had no part in any organization or any of the previous incidents. These inmates were walking in the lower yard when they were set upon from behind by at least eight knife-wielding whites. One of the three blacks was a middle-aged man who had extremely bowed legs and was unable to run. He died almost instantly from multiple stab wounds. The second victim attempted to run, but was quickly caught and repeatedly stabbed by his younger attackers. He died on the operating table. The third man managed to knock down the first assailant to reach him and he armed himself with the man's knife. It was about this time that the tower guard fired two warning shots.

The blacks' response came on June 11, 1969 and it was launched at one of the points of maximum confusion in prison life—the evening meal. The simultaneous attacks had all the earmarks of a tactical military operation. The following description was given by an inmate who managed to escape to his cell: "When the attacks began, there was nothing but panic—not only among the prisoners, but among their keepers as well. When it was over, not a whistle had been blown, nor one gun fired. No keeper had witnessed anything, even though they all knew something was happening. Some whistle blasts and a few warning shots were almost all that would have been needed to stop the carnage.

"The relative calm was shattered by the drumming of running feet on the concrete balcony that fronts the cells on the floor above me. The quiet was rent by screams and above it all a voice screaming, 'Kill him, kill him.' Then more running and a voice not so loud, 'I'm bleeding.'

"I had no idea that similar scenes were taking place in other areas of the cellblock until sounds of running and yells could be heard at a distance. There was a wild pounding of feet on the iron stairway, and people began to pass my cell. Black faces, flushed with elation, and white faces, fearful, panicky, with eyes darting from side to side. Finally some semblance of order was restored and all were locked in their cells.

"Voices called out, and others responded. 'They got Donnie, Buck, Ramay, Arky,' said someone. 'I saw them,' said another. 'They got Dickie and Billie.' A voice asked, '*Que pasa?*' The answer was, '*Cavachoes y Naliaties.*' Someone said in a rage, 'The niggers got Buck and the goddamned bull never fired a shot.' 'What color was he?' came the question. 'White.' "Then he's a lousy motherfucker. He should have shot the niggers.'

"From the cacaphony, a voice emerged, '. . . and they let him lay there and die. The medical aide, he sure took his time about doing anything for him. They could have put a needle in his lung and drawn the blood out. He drowned in his own blood.' " (The man, Buck, did die later on—miraculously, the only fatality.)

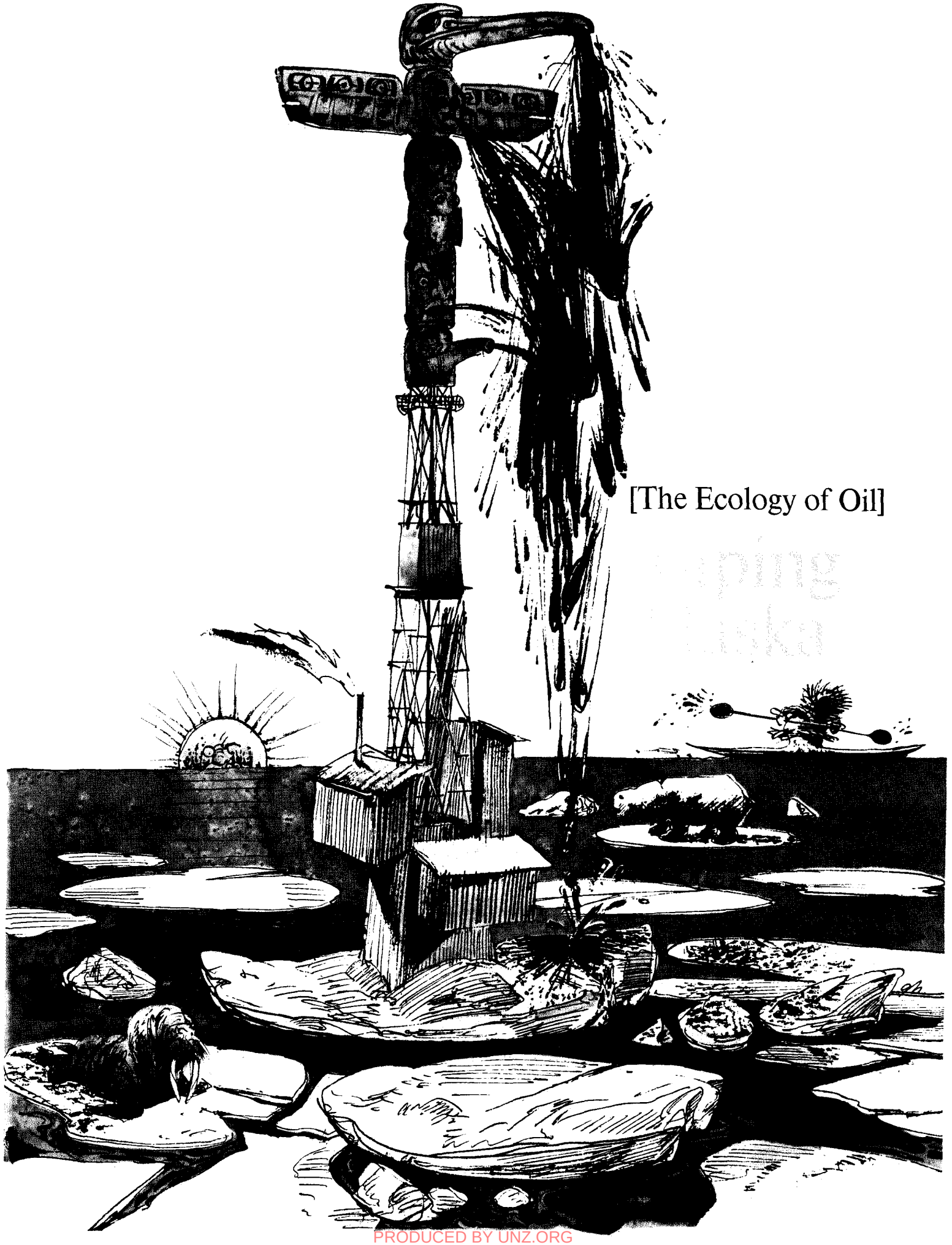
Now it is the blacks who will live in fear until the next time. One of the Nazis says, "Now I'm mad. Seven of my white brothers are in the hospital. If we swallow our pride, we'll have to take a back seat to the niggers." The beginnings of these tragic episodes, if indeed rational beginnings can be assigned to them, have now been forgotten. Reprisal follows reprisal in this, the closest thing to perpetual motion inside the American prison system. The attempt to create a united front against the insidious prison power structure has been abandoned. It has been replaced by fear and suspicion, and the only box score convicts care about now is by color: three blacks murdered and one badly wounded; one white murdered and eight in the hospital.

Places like San Quentin are society's dirty linen, and they are kept as far out of public view as possible. The prison is a source of embarrassment to the body politic, an indication of the extent of its failure. But it is also a metaphor—not only for the human predicament, but also for the way that power shapes men to fit its own ends. In a poignant understatement, one of the younger prison guards described what has happened at San Quentin over the last two years. "The killings could have been averted," he said, shaking his head, "if we had let the convicts work out their own problems. But no, we stepped in and cut off any chance for peace." Now things have returned to normal and are firmly out of control.

Robert L. Minton has taught at San Quentin for the past year in a program leading to an Associate of Arts degree for inmates. His book on prison life, The Joint, *will be published later this year by Random House.*

Stephen Rice is a doctoral candidate in psychology at UC Berkeley. He has participated in group counseling programs with inmates at San Quentin and other California prisons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



[The Ecology of Oil]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICANS WOULD LIKE to believe that the sins of Manifest Destiny are buried in the past, that the slaughter of the Indians and the extinction of the buffalo are but regretful memories, the stuff of history. But today in Alaska, this history is alive. There, drawn by the vast reservoir of oil discovered on the North Slope of the arctic coast, the awesome forces of American industry have assembled to re-enact the ruinous plunder of the great frontier.

To look at Alaska today is to return to a time when our waters ran pure, our landscape was unmarred by the oil derrick and the corner gas station, and the buffalo still roamed the open plains—Texas of 50 years ago or California before the turn of the century. What we are seeing in Alaska is a vivid compression of the past beauty and present devastation of the entire American environment.

To the popular mind Alaska—with 586,400 square miles, an area as large as California, Texas and Montana together—seems a vast, forbidding wasteland. In fact it is a land of incomparable beauty and resource, boasting endless cascades of timber, immortal rivers, mammoth glaciers; unbounded plains of caribou, grizzly bear, polar bear, and wolf; animals and plants unknown to most men. The amenities of clean air, water and pristine habitation are unrivaled anywhere else in the world.

Alaska's antiquity can be discovered in the immense solitude of her mountains. Three great ranges transverse this land, many glaciated and silent beneath the ages-old mantle of snow and ice. Contrary to the usual image, during several months of the year Alaska is laden with brilliant poppies, roses, wild flowers, and vast continuous multi-colored fields. Hardly a bleak and uninviting world!

Alaska has more coastline (34,000 miles) than all the other coastal states combined. There is potential here for an estuary agriculture that could feed millions. There is more timber, water, and copper in Alaska than in all the rest of the United States combined. And, it appears, more oil.

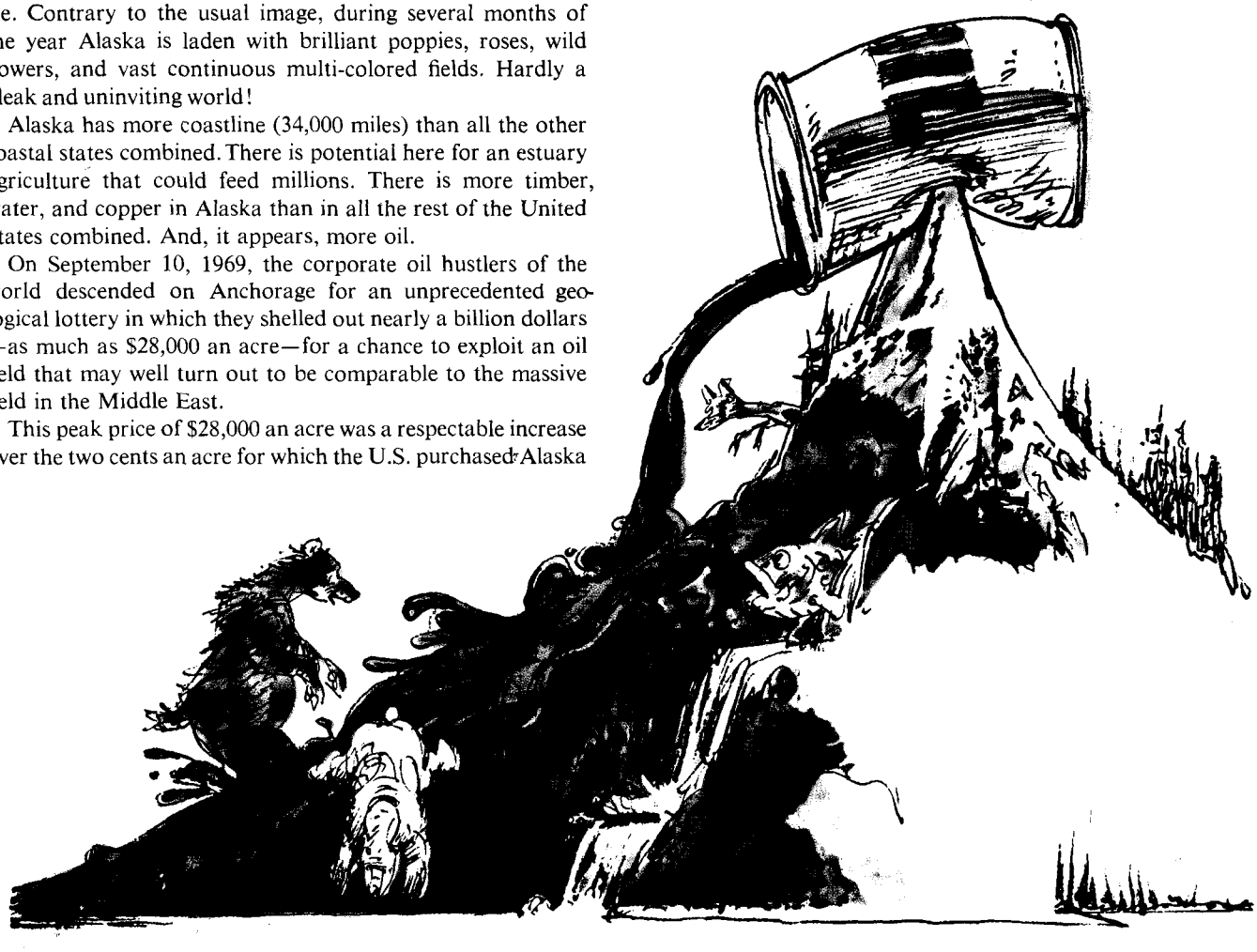
On September 10, 1969, the corporate oil hustlers of the world descended on Anchorage for an unprecedented geological lottery in which they shelled out nearly a billion dollars—as much as $28,000 an acre—for a chance to exploit an oil field that may well turn out to be comparable to the massive field in the Middle East.

This peak price of $28,000 an acre was a respectable increase over the two cents an acre for which the U.S. purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867. As every school child knows, the area was originally meant to be kept as an icebox or a folly. But the discovery of gold at the turn of the century gave Alaska territorial status; in 1958, after many years of struggle by its white citizens, Alaska was granted statehood. Gold, fisheries and Government have brought with them the unwanted burdens of absentee landlordism. But it was not until early 1968, when oil was discovered around Prudhoe Bay on the northern arctic coast, that Alaska learned what real outside intervention was all about.

In 1965, '66, and '67, four major companies—Atlantic Richfield Company (Arco), British Petroleum (BP), Humble, a Jersey Standard subsidiary, and Sinclair—leased acreage for oil exploration on the North Slope, paying a total of 12 million dollars for leases now worth upwards of two *billion* dollars—or more than 150 times as much.

On February 16, 1968, Atlantic Richfield announced that its Prudhoe Bay No. 1 drilling rig, located two miles from the shores of the Arctic Ocean, had struck both oil and gas. Four months later, Arco's Sag River No. 1 rig, several miles to the southeast, struck oil.

In less than six months, a wilderness area the size of Massachusetts had been opened up to rapid development. In that time millions of pounds of equipment, fuel oil, pre-fabricated buildings, dynamite, people and food were flown in. Hundreds of miles of seismic lines had been run across the tundra, leaving permanent scars. And in a dramatic preview of the ecological disasters to come, a winter road was cut across the Alaskan



by Barry Weisberg

Illustrations by Gene Holtan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wilderness to link Fairbanks with the Slope. The road, which was open for one month before it turned into the longest man-made swamp in the world, was officially named the Walter J. Hickel Highway.

ANY OBJECTIONS TO this "boom" raised by conservationists and others whom oil men find unaccountably superstitious about Industrial Progress, received a ready answer:

"There is oil out there.
Somebody has got to get it out.
You may not believe this,
but it will be good for your town,
good for the people."

These particular lines were spoken by James Stewart in a movie (made long before the Santa Barbara oil catastrophe) about the world's first offshore drilling rig. But the same story has been given throughout history to every town and nation into whose land the oil industry has dug its iron claws: black gold will bring progress and prosperity.

Yet the Alaskan experience raises fundamental questions about this whole "development" process and the profit-oriented exploitation of resources—questions about the proper rate, purposes and forms of development, about who controls and benefits from it and by what right, and who really pays the price—questions about the heavy costs to life that do not show up on oil company balance sheets. These are the reservations that are obscured by the clichés of Progress, and overwhelmed by the euphoria of an economic "boom."

The $900 million paid to the State of Alaska at the September 10th oil lease auction was touted as a munificent offering on the part of the oil companies. In fact it was only a fraction of the land's actual value. If prior lease sales are any indication, present value of this acreage is closer to $5 billion. Long-range value may soar as high as $50 billion within a decade. And while the state is now slated to receive a small share of ongoing revenues—a 12.5 per cent royalty and a 4 per cent severance tax—calculations by Gregg Erickson, a University of Alaska resource economist, indicate that the "State's severance tax/royalty can be raised to the vicinity of 85 to 90 per cent and still leave the oil companies a better than 10 per cent rate of return." The oil industries justify their profit by referring to the great risks they are taking in Alaska. But their claims are not terribly convincing. The journal Oil Week, in a much quoted statement, estimated that only five to ten billion barrels of oil were located in the Prudhoe Bay area. Yet over 50 per cent of the Alaskan geology is acknowledged to lend itself to anti-clines, or oil-bearing structures. Interior Secretary Hickel, a well known partisan of oil, himself put the Alaskan reserves at about 100 billion barrels. Without question the Alaskan find will compare to, and likely dwarf, our primary domestic source today, the 30 billion-barrel East Texas find of the 1930's. Until Alaska, only 118 billion barrels of oil had been found in all of North America in the last 110 years.

This tremendous oil strike opens up the most perilous prospects for the Alaskan eco-system. No other industry could pose such a comprehensive threat to the wilderness environment of Alaska. No other industry can amass such large amounts of capital, or is so highly favored by tax laws. No other industry affects its environs as completely as does oil—its exploration, extraction, and transportation.

The significance of Alaskan oil development extends far beyond Alaska itself, carrying grave implications for our ecological well-being in its broadest sense, from the ongoing eco-catastrophe of our decaying, choked, polluted cities to the severe distortion in the allocation of basic global resources that American power imposes on the world. But to fully grasp these wider implications, one must first consider what the oil development means for ecology in the narrower sense, in the wilderness environment where the oil was found.

IF OIL IS A UNIQUELY devastating ecological enemy, Alaska is also a uniquely vulnerable victim. Until a very few years ago, Alaska remained essentially untouched by technological civilization. All of the organisms within its vast eco-system worked in complex and delicate symbiotic relations, species having survived and adjusted in accord with their ability to achieve symbiosis. Modern industrial society, on the other hand, works toward individuation and competition, toward conflict and instability. In the extreme but relatively stable and regular conditions of the arctic, the web of life-supporting relationships depends on the slimmest margins of sustenance. The slender food chains and parsimonious life-cycles afford little tolerance for disruptions in the pattern of balance. The slightest manipulation of the life support system, the alteration of a bird migration, the pollution of a river, the noise of an airplane, all have incalculable unanticipated consequences. That is what makes this unique and irreplaceable eco-system so utterly fragile and so vulnerable to the careless intrusions of industrial man.

In natural systems, the discarded and unused substance of one organism becomes the energy of another. With our consumption cult and profit-oriented technology, we seek to abrogate that rule, manufacturing and depositing waste with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abandon. Industrial man's mania for waste is particularly disastrous on the Alaskan tundra, where debris survives intact longer than it does any other place in the world. Orange peels last for months, paper for years, wood scraps for decades; metal or plastic is practically immortal. The reason for this longevity is that arctic eco-systems are not prone to "biograde," i.e., to decompose matter. Because of the extremely slow decomposition rate, and the slow healing capacity of the mat of vegetative cover called tundra, the littering and desecration that normally take years in other parts of the world can happen almost overnight in the arctic.

Damage to the tundra is irreversible. This blanket of surface vegetation is a protective covering that insulates the deep layer of permafrost below. The permafrost, a mass of gravel, ice and mud that begins about a foot beneath the surface and extends downward a thousand feet or more, remains frozen throughout the year, providing a solid ground beneath the tundra. But when the cover is stripped away, the permafrost melts, leaving an open, unhealing wound of mud, slush and water that tends to drain away, undermining the stability of large areas of the surrounding earth.

The record of Alaskan "development" is written clearly in the tundra. Scars gouged by bulldozers 15 years ago remain distinct today. At Point Barrow and Amchitka and at the abandoned Naval Petroleum Reserve number four, one can see miles upon miles of oil barrels, wrecked airplanes and autos, Quonset huts and undistinguished junk—most if not all government donated. This is not merely an aesthetic problem. "Even now, 25 years later," says one observer, "many men who long ago left the Arctic still kill wildlife by the partially empty fuel drums they left behind. If conditions are right, they may wipe out an acre or two, or with luck, a whole lake."

But if the oil barrel in Alaska seems to some an ominous talisman foretelling environmental disaster, it is welcomed by others almost as an adornment. Colonel E. L. Hardin, chief of the Army corps of engineers in Alaska, says cheerfully, "The fifty-five gallon oil drum is the new state flower of Alaska." And the depth of the oil industry's concern for the environment, as well as the extent of its designs on it, is captured nicely in the response of one executive upset by the damage done by company equipment: "If we go on like that we won't have the remotest chance of getting into the wildlife range." However, rumors of clandestine explorations in the arctic national wildlife refuge abound.

There is little in the record of the oil development so far to inspire confidence in the future. The Hickel Highway fiasco—Hickel's last official act as governor—was only a hint of disasters to come. The road was to provide access to the Slope in winter when shipping is blocked and supplies must be flown in. It was a risky project at best, but the route was laid in what were obviously the worst areas, those with soils having the highest ice concentrations. When the ice broke up as summer approached, the permafrost melted and water from the adjacent land poured onto the roadbed, where it remains today. Hickel's response to critics was: "So they've scarred the tundra. That's one road, 12 feet wide, in an area as big as the state of California."

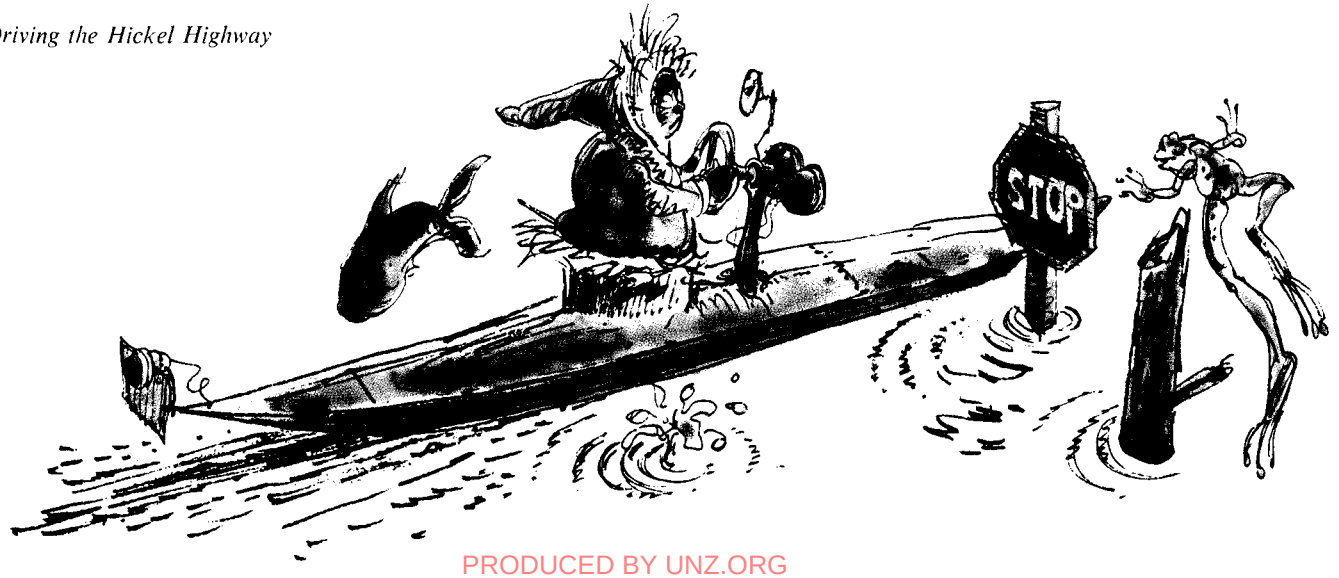
Years ago the extraction of any resource meant the establishment of a technological enclave, isolated for the most part from its surroundings. That at least was the model. Today oil extraction brings with it a whole supporting complex of advanced technology—"advanced" indicating that it is less restricted by or adapted to the natural environment and more able to impose its imperatives on the landscape, leaving it to nature to attempt to restore the ecological balance.

THE PRIMARY CHALLENGE to the industry in this respect is transporting the oil to market once it is brought up from the ground. Roughly half of what the industry will spend exploiting Alaskan oil will go to providing transportation for it.

Plans are well underway for the construction of the Trans Alaska Pipeline Systems (TAPS). This $900 million pipeline will run from the North Slope some 800 miles across the Alaskan interior down to Valdez, an ice-free port on the Pacific southern coast. Described by the contractors as the "largest single construction feat in the free world," the pipeline will eventually transport some two million barrels of oil per day, at a temperature of 150°-170°. If placed underground, the builders admit that the line would melt all permafrost within a 25-foot radius. The actual pipeline trunk involves some 20,000 acres of land, but the roots necessary to support the venture will require another 7 to 9 million acres, accommodating 5 to 12 pumping stations, several landing fields, camp and administrative sites, microwave stations and access roads to the pipeline.

As noted in testimony given before the Department of Interior hearing in Fairbanks last August, "The construction and operation of a large, buried, hot [the oil must be heated to flow freely] pipeline in permafrost regions has never been done anywhere in the world." Of the many elements of arctic development, none has as great a potential for gross disturbance

Driving the Hickel Highway

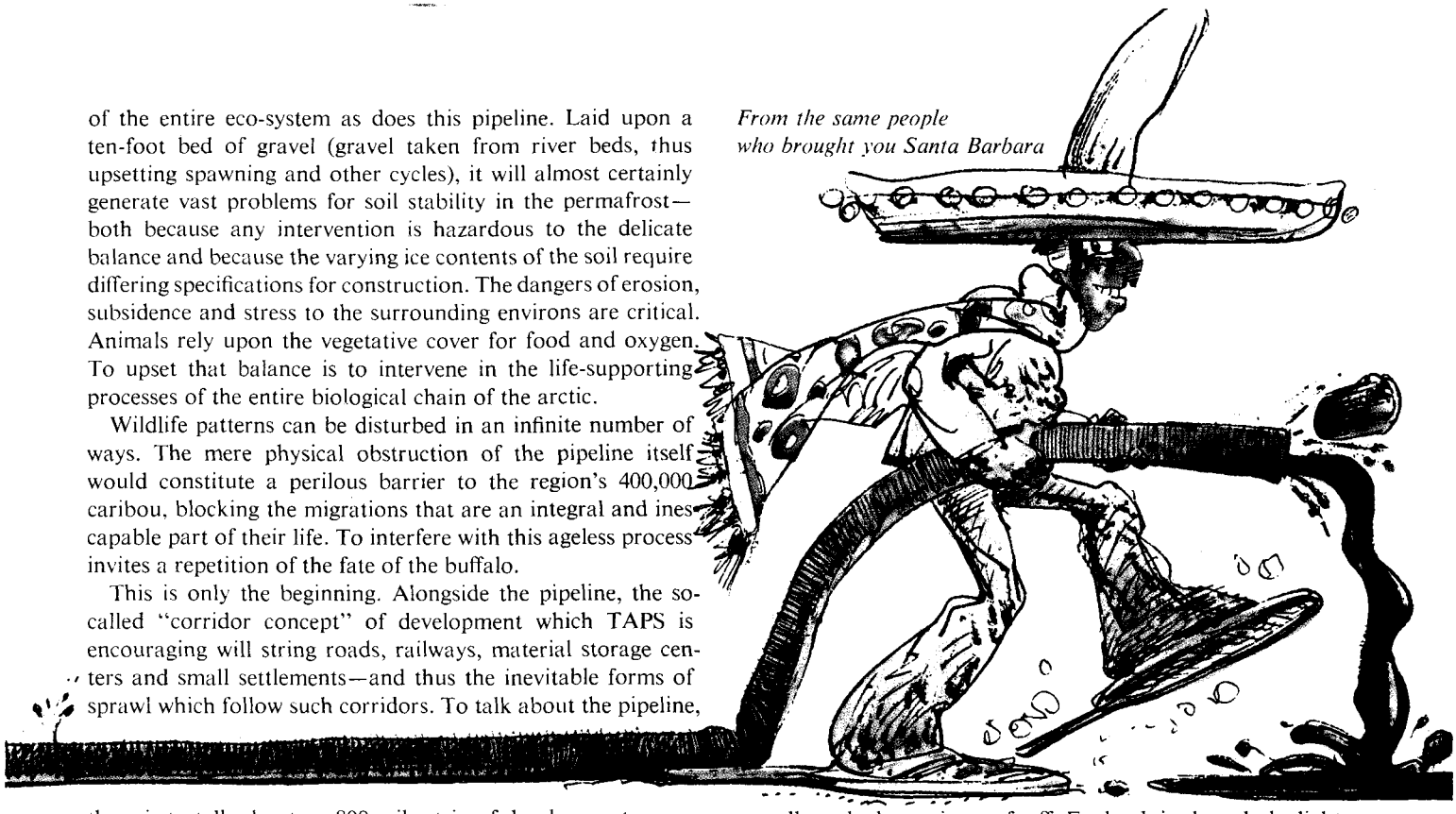


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the entire eco-system as does this pipeline. Laid upon a ten-foot bed of gravel (gravel taken from river beds, thus upsetting spawning and other cycles), it will almost certainly generate vast problems for soil stability in the permafrost—both because any intervention is hazardous to the delicate balance and because the varying ice contents of the soil require differing specifications for construction. The dangers of erosion, subsidence and stress to the surrounding environs are critical. Animals rely upon the vegetative cover for food and oxygen. To upset that balance is to intervene in the life-supporting processes of the entire biological chain of the arctic.

Wildlife patterns can be disturbed in an infinite number of ways. The mere physical obstruction of the pipeline itself would constitute a perilous barrier to the region's 400,000 caribou, blocking the migrations that are an integral and inescapable part of their life. To interfere with this ageless process invites a repetition of the fate of the buffalo.

This is only the beginning. Alongside the pipeline, the so-called "corridor concept" of development which TAPS is encouraging will string roads, railways, material storage centers and small settlements—and thus the inevitable forms of sprawl which follow such corridors. To talk about the pipeline, then, is to talk about an 800-mile strip of development, gross disturbance of eco-systems, and the basic interference with many life-giving cycles of the arctic.



ON TOP OF TAPS, the eagerness to get the crude petroleum out of Alaska to market has spawned the legendary voyage of the *Manhattan*, the 115,000-deadweight-ton super tanker that successfully passed through the arctic ice pack from the east coast of the United States to Point Barrow, Alaska, just west of the Prudhoe Bay oil area. Although the oil companies cited it as one of the "risks" of Alaskan development, they had already ordered eight more gigantic tankers before the first journey was completed. More than 1000 feet long, the *Manhattan* is able to crush its way through 40-foot-thick arctic ice. And orders are in for oil tankers three times as large. These technological behemoths—which in the course of their normal operations spew oil slick bilge and exhaust wastes in their wake—will cut a path of major disruption through more than a thousand miles of the arctic. As David Hickok, associate director of the Federal Field Commission for Development Planning in Alaska, notes, with such massive ocean-going ventures already in the works, there still exists an almost complete "lack of research and investigation in arctic waters on oil pollution, coastal processes, phytoplankton, marine fisheries and mammal populations, and on programs for the development of new technologies for port facilities in the arctic. All of these are prerequisite matters for governmental attention brought in focus by the voyage of the *Manhattan* and the granting of offshore exploratory drilling permits on the continental shelf. . . ."

Over and over the the oil industry ends up repeating, "No one could reasonably have expected": the million ton spill on the Delaware beaches; the splitting open of the Ocean Eagle in the San Juan Harbor; the collision which poured 30,000 gallons into the waters off the Cape of Good Hope; or the spill from the Torrey Canyon "whose captain ran her onto a well-marked granite reef off England in broad daylight, causing the biggest shipwreck and oil pollution ever." Or Santa Barbara! Such "unanticipated hazards" mark the operations of the petroleum industry daily. And to add to the peril, the petro-chemical industry is considering transporting pesticides (a by-product of crude petroleum) in similar large tankers. We are told that if the Torrey Canyon had been carrying pesticides rather than oil, the effect of such a shock could have abruptly terminated the production of oxygen by photosynthesis in the entire North Sea.

The gap between our ability to devastate and our ability to heal is enormous. In Santa Barbara, the highly complex equipment dedicated to pumping oil out of the ground contrasts sharply with the technology used to clean it up (i.e., hay spread across the sands), and in cases like the Santa Barbara Channel or the Hickel Highway, the damage is permanent, beyond repair in the time of man. To guard against such disasters would require time and the development of new technology—costly tasks that bring no profit to the industries involved.

In Alaska (where costs are high even when corners are cut), ecological precautions are certainly not allowed to interfere with profits. This assessment emerged from Senate hearings on Alaska: "Very frankly, in recent weeks, the committee [Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs] has received a number of disturbing reports that present limitations on personnel and funding make it highly unlikely that proper environmental, conservation and safety control in connection with activities now underway or proposed will be fulfilled. I am hopeful that these reports are not true." It is a fleeting hope; anyone at all familiar with Alaska knows it is a futile one.

In Alaska today we are playing recklessly with forces which affect the entire planet. The arctic ice pack, for example, is perhaps the single most important land mass in determining global weather. It is possible that our interference with arctic heat patterns in the ice pack and the ocean (through oil ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plorations and transport) could upset basic weather balances affecting the height of the world's oceans, the amounts of rainfall, and other interdependent climatic functions.

There are all the symptoms of fatal pride in our tampering with these great harmonies. Thomas Kelly, the state official who presided over the big Alaska lease sale, was surely moved by hubris when he proclaimed, "To say that it is tundra today and should be tundra forever when tundra has no economic value doesn't make sense." Ted Stevens, appointed U.S. Senator in 1968 by then Governor Hickel, outdid Kelly in a speech before a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Fairbanks last August. Stevens delivered a searing attack upon the ecologists who had come to discuss the oil development. After deriding out-of-state visitors as carpet-bag conservationists, he pulled out a dictionary and referred to the definition of ecology: "Ecology deals with the relationships between living organisms." "But," exclaimed the senator, "there are no living organisms on the North Slope."

AMONG THE LIVING ORGANISMS in Alaska which state officials would rather not think about are the native Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians, whose land the U.S. "bought" from Russia a century ago, and who still make up a sixth of Alaska's 272,000 population. According to the Statehood Act of 1958, 140 million acres of land were to be returned to the natives over a 25-year period. Years passed and the Alaskan native came to see clearly that the only way the white man could be made to live up to his 1958 "bargain" was through pressure. In 1966 the movement for native power coalesced into the Alaskan Federation of Natives, and their demands were formulated in the Alaska Native Land Claim bill.

In important respects, it was already too late. In 1964 the state, realizing that the North Slope was a potentially rich oil reserve, and that native pressure was mounting, applied to the Federal Bureau of Land Management (BLM) for the two million acres lying along the arctic coast in the Prudhoe Bay vicinity.

Although the land was a traditional hunting and fishing ground for the Eskimos, the state application claimed that it was free of aboriginal use and occupancy. The BLM then proceeded to publish notice of the state's intent in Jessens Weekly, a small mimeographed newspaper with irregular circulation. Thus, as Alaskan journalist Jane Bender comments, "The burden of proof was placed upon people who could not be expected to untangle the legal phraseology, who might not even have seen the notice in the first place, and whose knowledge of the far reaching consequences of that simple small print notice might be said to be minute."

The North Slope case was typical; the attitude of most white Alaskans is little better than colonial. So it is not surprising that the native claims have suffered continual erosion in the hands of all levels of government. In the first compromise the natives settled for 80 million acres; they were then forced down to 40 million acres. Walter Hickel now suggests 27 million and the governor, Keith Miller, suggests 13 million acres—out of the total of 365 million in the state—3.6 per cent of the land for a sixth of the population, when rightfully they own it all.

It is safe to assume that the empires of oil will wield their vast power to delay a native settlement. For if significant

portions of the state were in the hands of the natives, the oil combine would have to deal with them rather than the state, and they are potentially much less willing accomplices in the rape of the land—as evidenced by their picketing at the lease sale.

Meanwhile there is increasing pressure to lift the freeze on land giveaways to state and private interests that was imposed by former Interior Secretary Udall pending a settlement of the native claims. For example, the TAPS pipeline by law must secure a lifting of the freeze in order to proceed. However, as a New York Times editorial reports, "There is good reason to believe that preliminary work on the right of way has been started, without benefit of permit or of law."

Of course the oil industry has every reason to be confident that the government will smooth the way for it in Alaska. The $20 billion a year industry is famous for its unsurpassed political and economic power in America. Its lobbying muscle in Congress is legendary. It enjoys the lowest effective tax rate of any U.S. industry (seven per cent for the 23 largest companies). The oil depletion allowance is a prime symbol of corporate privilege, yet tax reform on it has been held to a meaningless reduction of a few percentage points. (Because of existing restrictions most large companies use only 24 per cent out of the current 27½ per cent allowance anyway.)

An industry that has been able (notably through the Rockefeller-Standard Oil complex) to treat the U.S. State Department as a subsidiary headquarters, and at whose bidding America brings down sovereign governments (as in Iran), should not expect to have much trouble making its way in Alaska. Still, as extra insurance against public clamor, Atlantic-Richfield (which made the first North Slope strike) and other

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

companies are investing large sums in advertising, and even in conservation groups, in an effort to control public awareness of key development issues.

The industry had little difficulty getting someone sympathetic to and familiar with their Alaska problems into the key Interior Department post. It is generally accepted in Washington that Atlantic Richfield's chairman, Robert Anderson (who as Secretary of the Navy encouraged the opening of Alaskan lands to private development), was most responsible for President Nixon's appointment of Hickel to Interior. Certainly Hickel, with his celebrated oil connections, and his financial interests in the copper of the Brooks Mountain Range and the Yukon River Delta—another potential oil reserve—was not appointed for objectivity, nor for public relations finesse on conservation, given his plans to "build a Fifth Avenue on the tundra."

But the critical importance of the industry's political power in Alaskan development is most clearly revealed in an enormous irony: it is only the industry's ability to use government regulation to rig the American oil market that assures the profitability of exploiting Alaskan oil in the first place. It is, in other words, the artificial overcharges imposed on consumers, rather than its intrinsic economic profitability, that is underwriting the current rapid development of Alaskan oil and the environmental disruption that goes with it.

The rigging mechanism involved is the Oil Import Quota Program, which is conservatively estimated to cost the American consumer $4 billion a year. Production costs for oil from Texas and other domestic U.S. sources are far higher than those from rich, easily worked foreign reserves such as Venezuela or the Middle East. Even when the cost of transporting foreign oil to the U.S. is added on, its price at the point of delivery here is little more than 60 per cent that of domestically produced oil. The price of a barrel of comparable crude oil delivered to Philadelphia is about $2.25 for Mid-East compared to $3.75 for domestic. Allowing foreign oil to compete freely in the U.S. would drive all but the cheapest and most efficiently produced domestic oil out of the market. Instead, the government obligingly sets severe limits (presently 21 per cent of domestic consumption) on the amount of oil that can be imported. All oil in the U.S. is then sold to the consumer at the high prices of domestic oil.

Alaskan oil, according to current cost projections, is expected to be too expensive in production and transportation to compete on the world market with Middle Eastern and other oil. However Alaska is a state, and Alaskan oil is therefore domestic American oil. Thus, like the privileged petroleum of Texas, it can be sold in unlimited quantities at the artificially inflated prices of the U.S. market.

In a sense the current Alaskan development can be considered an elaborate economic charade, in that profits come from the industry's power to levy exorbitant prices against the consumer, rather than from the normal proceedings of business. We would all be better off, in fact, just to pay the extra money directly into the corporate treasuries, plus a little bit to the State of Alaska in lieu of royalties, and have the companies leave the Alaskan environment alone.

It is quite possible, of course, that as time goes by and the impact of the magnitude of Alaska's reserves is felt, the cost of Alaskan oil will come down to an economically competitive level. The fact remains, however, that the financially riskless, headlong development we are seeing depends on the industry's ability to supersede the laws of the marketplace and to have its way in the affairs of men.

WHILE THERE ARE STIRRINGS of opposition to what is happening in Alaska, they are largely isolated and, consequently, impotent. Many legislators told me privately that they thought the oil lease sale should have been postponed but were afraid to say so publicly for fear of losing re-election. The Federal Field Commission for Development Planning in Alaska has repeatedly advocated more planning, more care, and a slower pace—to no avail. One legislator said, "The trouble is that the state government has said so little about the problems of the North Slope that I can't tell if they are ignorant, unconcerned or are withholding information for other reasons."

In Alaska, as elsewhere, the tremendous power of the oil industry over social development grows not only from its impressive ability to dictate government policy, but also from the extent to which patterns of development are set autonomously by the "private" operations of industry. It is the general void of public policy that gives industry a free hand to shape the future in terms of its private priorities, unchecked by public interest or authority. When government does intervene (usually under the influence of industry anyway), it is merely responding to the reality that industry has created.

There is virtually no public policy governing the pattern of social growth on the Alaskan frontier; there is no involvement by the people of Alaska or of the rest of the country, no informal advocacy procedure by which to evaluate what the oil companies are doing. As a result, oil exploration and production proceed in Alaska without any projected land use plan, without any legislative priorities for growth. There exist no uniform codes for oil and mineral exploration, no systematic efforts toward the preservation of wildlife populations, nor any air or water quality standards to speak of.

This abdication of public discretion is not an accident. David Hickok complains, "Both industry and government are deliberately preventing the operation of a public forum until after the important decisions are made." The problem, then, is not that our current situation results from no planning, for clearly the oil companies have a very keen sense of plan and purpose. It is rather that the plans which do exist are created and executed without public scrutiny or control.

In just "going about its business," the oil industry will change the face of Alaska more thoroughly than all the volumes of hotly debated social legislation that give people the illusion of controlling their own destiny. Meetings have been summoned throughout Alaska by the Brookings Institution and the Stanford Research Institute to discuss the state's development plan. By invitation, participants will be discussing the future while oil is already determining it.

The coming of the oil empire to Alaska brings with it the vast support operations of railroads, airlines, communications networks, new towns, urban growth and the like. Requiring highly skilled labor, these operations will not draw primarily on either natives or local whites. Consequently, entire communities of technically skilled men will be brought into Alaska: 5000 on the Slope, 3000 for the pipeline, 1500 at Valdez, hundreds more administrative persons in Anchorage and Fairbanks—all of them requiring housing, food, and related serv-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ices. What will happen when initial construction of the new industry is completed and they leave? What will be the effect on the economy when some 10,000 people who have been disbursing enormous amounts of capital pull out in one year? The initial boom-town profits to local businessmen and landholders will give way to the ghost towns that followed the gold rush. The oil rush economy does not build for posterity.

Already the landscape of Alaska is dominated by a crude mix of the worst Texas gulf coast and Southern California plasticity. Housing is composed almost entirely of imported pre-fabricated units or trailers. A ticky-tacky frontier bar atmosphere permeates every Alaskan town. Within a very short time oil has penetrated all aspects of the Alaskan economy. In terms of outright ownership, the industry is gobbling up local business interests at a rapid rate. The income of hotels, restaurants and airlines depends upon the oil companies. The universities are in their employment.

The economic reality of oil development in Alaska is that control of the revenue (perhaps $100 billion in the next decade) implies power over social development. The unchecked nature of this power must force us to reconsider our whole system of ownership and extraction of resources. For instance—to consider the minimal alternative—if this oil were to be developed by a quasi-public corporation (looking to the TVA as one example), the revenue involved could be employed to initiate environmental quality regulatory programs or the reconstruction of urban cores. The present arrangement abdicates what may turn out to be the only source of revenue the United States could ever have to begin to cope with urban pathology. We presently act as if the oil were ordained by geology just to serve the industry, as if the oil companies somehow owned the oil which they sell to the people of the world at such fabulous profits.

THE OIL FINDS IN THE ARCTIC are tremendously important in themselves, but it is the dynamic they lock us into that sweeps out to affect the lives of every single person in the United States, and throughout most of the world. The results are simply taken for granted, without regard for the decisions that initiated them. The fact that oil development fixes the American landscape into transport corridors geared to accommodate cars, and only cars, is no small matter. For to insure the presence of the auto is to insure the persistence of current forms of urban sprawl. To pressure against cooperative modes of transit is to fix the shape of the city for tomorrow.

The technology of the automobile itself is obviously tightly meshed with that of oil. Cars presently consume upwards of two-fifths of all the crude oil produced. And it is clear that the environmental pollution that goes with the internal combustion engine and other petroleum-funded technology is not a mere matter of irritation or inconvenience. The head of the American Petroleum Institute's 300-member Committee on Air and Water Conservation continues to decry the "passion" and "emotionalism" which mark opposition to air pollution. He has said that "we can go along as we are now for another 10 to 15 years." But University of California Zoology Professor Kenneth E. F. Watt predicts, "It is now clear that air pollution concentrations are rising in California at a rate such that mass mortality incidents can be expected in specific areas, such as Long Beach, by the 1975-76 winter. The proportion of the population which will die in these incidents will at first equal, then exceed, that for the 1952 smog disaster." (Nearly 2500 Londoners died from the effects of smog during the Christmas season of that year.)

Already the children of Los Angeles are not allowed to "run, skip or jump" inside or outside on smog alert days, by order of the L.A. Board of Education and County Medical Association. If the oil and auto industries had spent a fraction of their advertising budgets on research for a smog-free engine, our air today might be safe for future generations.

Oil is at the core of the whole of American industry. Crude petroleum is the basis for the production of hydro-carbon feedstock and other basic petro-chemical industries. Petrol is the stuff from which roads, paints, detergents, synthetic rubber, cosmetics, nylon and pesticides are made. From its powerful position at the center, the oil industry fuels, sustains and protects the economy of waste on which its profits are based. It defends and expands that economy's myriad patterns of devastation: the private auto, in use about one per cent of the time and junked at a rate of 12 million a year, usurps 50 per cent of the space in our overcrowded cities with its highways and parking requirements; the use of DDT and other less celebrated pesticides generates crop surpluses which are then withheld from the hungry at home and abroad; the ubiquitous plastic packaging is neither reusable nor decomposable, and it pollutes the air when burned. This is the technology with which we are "developing" Alaska and civilizing the world. This technology costs $11 billion annually in damage to private property from air pollution alone.

THE HEADLONG RUSH OF ALASKAN development is part of a momentum that completely contradicts our knowledge about the capacity of the earth to support us—namely, that the resources of the earth are fixed; that, rather than continuous growth merely to accommodate the increasingly false consumptive needs of an increasing number of people, growth must be directed to achieve very specific public priorities—priorities which are determined by the kind of life-styles which neighborhoods and regions determine are best for them. Limits must be set. Development as it now proceeds minimizes the alternatives open to people, increasing the uniformity and standardization of life. It locks us into patterns over which we have little knowledge or control.

It is not enough merely to slow down in Alaska, as a New York Times editorial of November 10 argued. Development as it proceeds on the North Slope, and on countless other frontiers of American industry, must be curtailed. Until such time as the American public has adequate time and information to evaluate and assess the total costs of industrial development to all the people affected by it, development and the myth of growth must be curtailed. Rational resource consumption and re-cycling alone would eliminate the need for any further oil extraction on the face of the earth.

While the population of the world is expected to double in 35 years, it will consume resources at not twice, but five times the present rate, producing a scarcity in food and fossil fuels that will be the major source of friction in the coming decade. This results directly from consumptive patterns generated by the United States. It is the disequilibrium between man and nature, not the biologic process of procreation, which is at the root of the population issue. To cope with population

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is first and foremost an issue of coping with the current American imperialist consumption of 70 per cent of the world's resources by less than 7 per cent of the world's population.

The largest single consumer of crude petroleum is the American military—those who are charged with defending this squandering of other people's resources. Alaska is key to their continued world supremacy. As America shifts in Southeast Asia and throughout the world to air power rather than ground forces, the military appetite for oil will grow and will seek stable sources. Walter Levy, known as the dean of U.S. oil experts, points out, "A world power which depends on potentially reluctant or hostile countries for food and fuel that must travel over highly vulnerable sea routes is by definition no world power." While we "own" major portions of Mid-East reserves already, the transport of this oil is in constant jeopardy, as the closing of the Suez in 1967 showed. And domestic production, aside from Alaska, is projected to fall behind consumption at an increasing rate in the next few years. Alaskan reserves will stabilize the strategic military supply of crude oil. Moreover, as America prepares for the rearmament of Japan to help police Asia, treaty negotiations are already being pursued in Washington to provide Japan with a stable oil flow from Alaska in exchange for military and trade arrangements.

What Americans must realize is that the destruction of our life support systems will not be halted through our individual refusal to drive cars or use pesticides. As is evidenced by the Alaskan oil rush, development no longer proceeds along enclave lines, but is comprehensive in impact and scope, so that conservation efforts which act to preserve wilderness enclaves as parks or wildlife refuges will in the end lose those areas to the all-inclusive effects of air pollution, noise, and pesticides. The oil industry, virtually a world government, presides over an economy organized toward the destruction of life. Its power must be broken, not merely circumvented. The avenues of oil must be reached at their point of production, not merely in our own individual use.

IF ANYTHING IS TO BE LEARNED from Alaska, it is that it is time to stop. Domination through growth has mesmerized the American mind for so long that the suggestion of curtailing growth is unthinkable. Greek rationalism, the Roman engineering mentality, the Biblical injunction to conquer and subdue nature, the post-Enlightenment mystique about technical progress—all espouse development.

Yet the old myth that continued growth increases our control over the environment is now simply false. We are losing control. We are destroying the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the land we walk upon. And this is not an accident. It is rooted in the fundamental attitudes and practices of advanced industrial society. It is in part the logic of capitalism, but it is more than that; it is the very relationship we assume toward the natural world.

The talk about shifting from an economy of affluence, obsolescence, redundancy and waste to an economy that recognizes scarcity must yield practical proposals for a new economics. And these proposals must include the mandatory re-cycling of all natural resources; the mandatory production of only re-cyclable containers; the rationing of all natural resources—rationing to provide for sane limits on the amount of consumption as well as to equalize mechanisms for distribution.

Industrial processes must be rationed as to the amount of oxygen, water or minerals they can consume in production. These are no small matters, but they are only the basic parameters for what would be the beginning of a truly democratic policy for our life support systems. The "economy of death" must be replaced by an economy of life.

Continued rapid development such as that in Alaska can only work for the forces of exploitation and greed. Time must be had to examine and consider every aspect of the development process, to create a comprehensive democratically determined land use policy, to devise environmental regulatory agencies with adequate means of enforcement, to develop new forms of revenue sharing and community control over economic growth, to re-learn our inclinations toward nature and our relationship to people unlike ourselves. While this must happen in Alaska, it must also happen on a national and global level. For clearly the powers that shape the fate of Alaska are rooted in places far distant from that beautiful land.

We must slow down. We must come to enjoy the world gently, remembering that this fragile earth is more to be admired than used, more to be cherished than exploited. Alaska teaches us that there are men for whom this is impossible. They must be stopped. Not for their sake, but for ours.

Barry Weisberg is a free-lance writer and co-director of the Bay Area Institute.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[MOVING IN BEHIND BLACK MONDAY]

BLACK MONDAY: The demonstrators—non-violent civil rights tradionalists, ghetto militants, black craftsmen and contractors, NAACPers, white clergymen, suburban housewives, students and even a few businessmen—march singing through the late-summer streets of Seattle, Chicago, and Pittsburgh. They march up to the bustling construction sites and ask the hard-hatted white workers to stop building; they sit down in the street when the workers balk, and then submit to arrests and token sentences.

Their demands—full access to union apprenticeships and an end to discrimination in union hiring halls—are clearly just. The white worker, taunting the blacks and staging his own White Friday marches, plays the perfect Georgia cracker. AFL-CIO president George Meany is Bull Connor. The national conscience is moved.

"Black Mondays are good for us," Fortune magazine tells its big business readers. "It is heartening that the blacks are acting in concert to win themselves a decent place in this big sector of the economy." McGraw-Hill applauds the blacks in its influential Business Week and Engineering News-Record. Highlighting "the collision course" between organized labor and the black community, Newsweek indirectly urges two, three, many Pittsburghs.

In Seattle, University of Washington President Charles Odegaard temporarily halts university construction work and proposes to solve the crisis by running his own apprentice program for minorities. Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley steps in and comes up with a tentative offer from unions and contractors for 5000 job openings. Pittsburgh's retiring Mayor Joseph Barr, a member of the national Urban Coalition steering committee, closes down construction on the Three Rivers Stadium and on office buildings for U.S. Steel, Westinghouse Electric, the Pittsburgh National Bank, and Bell Telephone. Though reluctant to have construction delayed, U.S. Steel professes complete sympathy with the marchers' demands.

Even the Nixon Administration, which in other areas has attempted with all deliberate speed to reverse desegregation, is in on the act. Labor Secretary George Shultz, responding to a request from Pittsburgh's Mayor Barr, rushes in a three-man negotiating team. During the height of the white backlash, Assistant Secretary of Labor Arthur Fletcher holds hearings on union discrimination in Chicago. The Labor Department announces that it will extend its "Philadelphia Plan" quotas on minority hiring to other cities. A winter lull in the demonstrations coincides with the seasonal slowdown of the industry, but a new spring offensive is already in the works.

The Wall Street Journal sums it up best: "It's just like the early 1960's." Non-violent leaders hold the militants in check. Help from whites is welcomed. Business, far from avaricious, acts responsibly and with a social conscience. Government, once pushed, moves decisively. A coalition of conscience is born: We Shall Overcome.

That's the dream; the reality is quite different. Over the last eight years American businessmen have enjoyed a record economic boom. But soaring profits have brought with them a creeping-crawling-and-now-jumping (six per cent) inflation—a situation which presents difficult alternatives for the system. "The unpleasant fact," as Fortune explains it, "is that the country has never worked its way out of inflation without a recession in the postwar years, and nobody can be absolutely certain that it can be done."

To bring the high-flying economy down this side of 1929, government officials and business policy makers must find a way to trim the sails somewhere. Yet they doggedly refuse to completely cut back Viet-Nam expenditures—the original cause of inflationary government spending—or to cut back profits, which have doubled since 1961. The only thing left to cut is "labor costs" (i.e., workers' wages). So the average worker, now bringing home about $1 less in real purchasing power than in 1961, has been chosen to bear the costs of inflation. Wages will be kept down; unemployment forced up. (Official unemployment rates jumped from 3.5 per cent to 4 per cent between August and September.) Businessmen will save on costs. Consumers—those are the workers after hours—will have less money to contribute to inflated prices. It's like a Marxist fairy tale.

The one hitch, however, is the unions. And that's where Black Monday fits in. The extremely broad establishment coalition moving in behind Black Monday is using the guise of racial justice in their effort to cripple the bargaining power of the unions. If these newcomers to the civil rights struggle succeed, they will shift the burden of checking inflation from their own well-deserving shoulders onto those of the workers, both black and white. It's a new move in a very old game: Set the workers against each other over crumbs while the boss takes his off the top.

[WAR ON INFLATION: THE CONSTRUCTION FRONT]

ROGER BLOUGH HAS LONG BEEN a big name in inflation. In October 1961, in return for President Kennedy's promise to help hold down union wage demands "to a level consistent with continued price stability," Blough, then board chairman of U.S. Steel, one of the most notorious price escalators in American industry, agreed to forego any further increase in steel prices. Kennedy, along with Labor Secretary and former steel union negotiator Arthur Goldberg, then pressured union leaders to limit themselves to a 2.6 per cent wage increase, their smallest gain since World War II. The contract was signed on March 31, 1962. Ten days later, U.S. Steel led an industry-wide price hike of $6 per ton.

"I do not think it in the public interest in peacetime," explained Blough, "for anyone, including those of presidential rank, to substitute his own action for the action of the marketplace by trying to set prices for any competitive product." Angered by the betrayal and fearful that steel price hikes would boost prices throughout the economy and destroy his wage-price guidelines, Kennedy publicly forced Blough to back down. Within the year, however, the immense long-range power of the business community asserted itself. Blough and his competitors again raised the price of steel—this time with presidential commendation for "restraint."

Today Mr. Blough, ghost of inflations past, is the American business community's number one inflation-fighter, and still a major enemy of the unions. His immediate target: the same construction unions presently under attack by the blacks.

Blough's secret weapon in his crusade against the construction unions, kept under wraps until the mid-August black protest in Pittsburgh, is the awkwardly named Construction

Illustration by Wayne Brown

by Pacific Studies Center

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Users' Anti-Inflation Roundtable. On the Roundtable sit about 100 top executives from the nation's biggest corporations, firms such as GE, GM, Dow, Esso, Shell, AT&T and Alcoa.

As the nation's biggest purchasers of new office buildings and factories, the Roundtable executives are worried about soaring construction prices. As the nation's biggest employers, they fear that union contract settlements in construction are, as Fortune puts it, "generating pressures in the rank and file of the industrial unions for similar exorbitant increases." As the nation's most likely future producers of industrialized housing and prefabricated buildings, they hope to clear away any union roadblocks to the creation of a nationwide, government-subsidized construction market.

The purpose of the Roundtable is to serve, in the words of a Wall Street Journal "insider," as "a sort of internal police system," encouraging each of the members to stand firm behind the building contractors and against the building trades unions. Normally the large construction user works at cross purposes with the contractors, pressuring them to accept union demands for high wages and overtime so as to avoid delays in getting a new facility into operation. Blough's Roundtable plans to eliminate this conflict by blacklisting striking workers and openly violating anti-trust regulations. The Journal's "insider" explains: "Any Roundtable member who breaks the rules of the club by pressuring a contractor into a costly wage settlement, or by providing work, directly or indirectly, for construction union members on strike would feel the 'collective displeasure' of the Roundtable." Even SDS would find it difficult to mount so thoroughgoing an attack on the "action of the marketplace."

Blough's regular troops for the coming campaign are the contractors. Most of the nation's 900,000 contractors are small local firms, and even the national construction giants control far less of the market in their industry than do the leaders in auto, steel, and chemical production. Homebuilding is especially fragmented: 14 of the largest companies account for the construction of less than two per cent of the nation's homes. This decentralization weakens the contractors at the bargaining table. So, under the pressure of rising costs, they are now banding together in 12 multi-state regional associations, the first of them centered in Pittsburgh.

Unified, the contractors will go into 1970 contract negotiations—especially in Pittsburgh and Cleveland—demanding regional bargaining and common expiration dates on contracts. The unions will balk at this threat to their local autonomy and bargaining position. But the contractors stand ready to hold out. To stiffen the contractors' resolve, the major construction users are taking out high-price "associate memberships" in the regional construction associations. A National Association of Manufacturers task force, headed by a top U.S. Steel bargainer, Warren Shaver, is mobilizing small and medium-sized companies to support the contractors. Lloyd's of London, through a Bermuda affiliate, is selling the contractors strike insurance. And large banks (the contractors have a friend at Chase Manhattan) are promising not to charge interest on construction loans while a contractor is being struck.

"The country will have to suffer some really tough bargaining confrontations," explains labor consultant John C. Garvin, author and chief proponent of regional bargaining. "A big regional strike, crippling construction over a wide area, would likely prompt strong public reaction and possibly federal intervention. The builders believe this would be to their advantage."

[GOVERNMENT-INDUSTRY P.R.: THE "OVERPAID" CRAFTSMEN]

THIS STRATEGY, OF COURSE, requires that public outrage be directed at the workers rather than the bosses. Even before Lyndon Johnson went back to Texas to work on his ranch, the President's Kaiser Commission (Urban Housing), Douglas Commission (Urban Problems), and Cabinet Committee on Price Stability all set out to discredit the building trades unions. And the Nixon Administration is playing an even more active role, leaving no doubt as to which side federal intervention would serve in a showdown. In September, when black heat on the unions was hottest, Nixon appointed a Cabinet Committee on Construction. Headed by Paul McCracken, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, the committee is working to bring government construction policies into line with those of the construction users on the Roundtable. For openers the President announced a 75 per cent cutback on all federal construction—a move calculated, in the words of one industry observer, "to give the labor unions a good kick in the pants" by reducing the demand for their labor. Nixon also strengthened the contractors by appointing a government-industry-union commission to intercede in major labor disputes. Using public relations and compulsory "cooling off periods," government and industry representatives will pressure the unions to end strikes and wildcat walkouts—a strategy which will, if Time magazine is correct, "reduce the sky-high wage settlements that are fueling inflation." The Nixon Administration, which is otherwise generally soft on segregation, has also moved directly against union discrimination by setting quotas for minority hiring on federal construction.

This close government-industry cooperation comes naturally to the men involved. Interior Secretary Walter Hickel and Transportation's John Volpe are both big contractors. Even more important is Postmaster General Winton Blount, formerly a big Alabama contractor and president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Currently a key Nixon political advisor, Blount is a major anti-union coalition strategist.

Control of high ground is of course no guarantee of victory. The anti-labor crusaders know they must win the hearts and minds of the grass-roots American. Maoists call this process mass line. Blough's managers know it as P.R., and they have mobilized their media for an all-out attack.

Media blaring, Blough's blame-the-unions-for-inflation bandwagon picks up speed. The message is familiar: union demands for higher wages, especially in the building trades, spark inflation. Wage settlements are sky-high. Plumbers in Philadelphia make $19,000 a year. Electricians, carpenters, bricklayers and iron workers demand and get $8 to $10 an hour. Productivity sags. The outrageous wage settlements in construction are inciting industrial workers to escalate their own demands. High construction costs and union control of building codes are robbing the urban poor, mostly black, of any chance for mass-produced housing. This is the businessman's message, piped far and wide by Time, Fortune, Newsweek, the entire McGraw-Hill chain, the Urban Coalition, and half a dozen government advisory committees.

But for all the campaigning, industry's image of the construction worker—smug, secure, and sitting fat—does not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hold up. Few of the image-peddlers have ever stood cramped beneath a dripping pipe looking up at a hot welding arc two inches away. For this uncomfortable work, the average plumber or carpenter does make between $5 and $7 an hour. Yet, out of a 2000-hour standard work year, the average craftsman works only 1400 hours. During 1967, for example, construction workers suffered a 7.3 per cent unemployment rate—twice the average for all non-agricultural workers. All-weather construction techniques will lengthen the work year in the future, but even in California approximately one-fourth of the carpenters are presently out of work. At the end of the average year then, the "overpaid" craftsman winds up with the same $7000-9000 earned by the auto or steelworker, and they all pay the same federal income surtax which, as Fortune pegs it, "was expressly designed to remove money from workers' pockets and thereby slow down inflation."

Now, with deflation, the prospects for construction workers are becoming even bleaker. Commercial bankers, gone on what Congressman Wright Patman calls "the biggest profit-making binge in their history," have fixed interest rates so high and restricted credit so tightly that short-term construction money and long-term mortgage money are rarer than Acapulco Gold. When they do manage to get money, building contractors pass these interest costs along, boosting their prices this year, for example, anywhere from 6 per cent to a historic 22 per cent. At these rates, fewer people can afford to build. Any growth in the dollar value of construction next year will barely cover the inflation of the construction dollar, while building of homes will fall some 30 to 50 per cent below recent annual averages by the end of 1969—nearly one million houses per year short of the President's national goal. For the construction worker, who is just beginning to catch up with inflation, these cutbacks mean fewer hours of work and less money for groceries and rent. No wonder he's tender about "expanding the supply of labor" in the construction labor market, while the demand for that labor is being systematically reduced.

[THE ROLE OF BLACK MONDAY]

ON TOP OF THESE ATTACKS came Black Monday—the *pièce de résistance* of the big business assault on the laboring man. The blacks, of course, are not simply serving as pawns in someone else's game. Black people have performed a large volume of the skilled-craft labor in American construction since before the Civil War. They have struggled for union cards at least since W.E.B. DuBois' 1902 attack on the American Federation of Labor. They need the jobs that are controlled by the union hiring halls. And many unions remain as lily-white as Blough's Roundtable of corporation executives. Fortune and Business Week did not have to tell the black man that the craft unions discriminate. However, some just causes get powerful backing and others do not. That's where the big business inflation-fighters come in. They are using their money and their media to keep black rage channeled in "constructive directions"—against the unions and away from big business.

Their basic model is Seattle's black construction coalition. "The movement grew," explains coalition leader Tyree Scott, "because people could identify. People had gone to the union halls and had gotten turned down and then went to menial hirings." But for all their grass-roots support, Scott and much of the city's black leadership draw heavily on the resources of the national business establishment's two most important social agencies—the Ford Foundation and the Urban Coalition. They do this through the recently formed National Association of Minority Contractors (NAMC).

For over a year Scott and other NAMC leaders have maintained close contact with the Urban Coalition, whose steering committee and task forces include most of the key Roundtable executives. Several representatives from the Urban Coalition were prominent at the NAMC's founding convention.

The elite links to the black contractors are designed to outlive the present assault on labor. But even in this assault they have their use. The Urban Coalition, through its ties with Scott and others, has kept tabs on the growing black agitation against the unions in Seattle and other communities—intelligence of some import in the timing of the big business attack on the unions. Once the Seattle struggle began, Scott and the other contractors provided militant leadership; they themselves led the first sit-in to stop construction at a local school. They also acted "responsibly": ignoring the advice of the radicals, they never once broadened their attack from the unions and contractors to the bankers and big businessmen who are cutting back needed jobs and construction.

Scott insists he isn't anti-union; but instead of demanding more jobs for white and black alike, he fights only against the white workers for a larger slice of a shrinking pie. "Well," he said to an interviewer, ignoring 3000 hard-hatted white construction workers who had stormed through Seattle the previous week, "someone's going to get the good wages, so why not blacks?"

Big business inflation-fighters find Chicago's black leadership even more responsible. C. T. Vivian and Jesse Jackson, the two most prominent leaders of Chicago's Coalition for United Community Action, are old followers of Martin Luther King, Jr., and leaders of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Like Scott in Seattle, they were responding to real feelings in the black community. But even more than Scott, Vivian and Jackson have ongoing economic *and* political ties with the business establishment, both nationally and in Chicago.

SCLC's Andy Young, for example, sits on the Urban Coalition's steering committee along with David Rockefeller, Edgar Kaiser, IBM's Thomas J. Watson, Jr., and Westinghouse's Donald C. Burnham. Northwest Industries, First National Bank of Chicago, Bell & Howell, Continental Illinois National Bank, Sears Roebuck, and other Chicago banks and corporations are giving $750,000 to C. T. Vivian's Black Strategy Center. The Ford Foundation is expected to chip in another $400,000. Senator Charles Percy, former chief of Bell & Howell, and Kennedy-man Sargent Shriver have helped channel federal funds to gangs like the Blackstone Rangers (now the Black P. Stone Nation, Inc.) which provide the muscle and militance for the black coalition. The independent Democratic Coalition—centered around Adlai Stevenson III, Montgomery Ward's Donald Walker ("The Walker Report") and others among Chicago's old-line liberal rich—works closely with Jackson, even mentioning his name as a possible anti-Daley candidate for mayor.

Ties such as these did not buy black Chicago's attack on the unions. But they did help Vivian and Jackson choose this particular time to press their attack, and they helped in financing it. In turn, Vivian and Jackson restricted their fire to the unions and the contractors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The big business inflation-fighters have been least successful in limiting Nate Smith and the Pittsburgh blacks—but that isn't for lack of effort. A year ago, the top-drawer Allegheny Conference on Community Development (ACCD) secured a $368,000 Labor Department grant for a job-training program organized by Smith. The ghettos had just exploded in the aftermath of Martin Luther King's assassination, and the ACCD—founded by Pittsburgh's most powerful man, Richard King Mellon, and run by the Pittsburgh-based executives now on the Blough Roundtable—wanted to restore peace.

Smith's "Operation Dig" seemed a good prospect for cooling the grass-roots fire. Operation Dig (black-controlled) was somewhat unorthodox: Smith went out of his way to recruit trainees and to adapt his teaching methods to paroled felons and street-corner toughs. Nonetheless, 67 heavy equipment operators were graduated from the program and placed into the unions. Smith then proposed a $500,000 Dig II to train 110 blacks in construction skills. The Labor Department agreed; the contractors and unions said no. "We will never get into another program where the blacks control it," stated the contractors' representative. The unions insisted on their traditional three-to-five year apprenticeship programs. The ghettos had quieted down. The Allegheny Council remained silent.

Thus matters stood until the Department of Housing and Urban Development, and Urban America, a Washington-based group founded in 1964 by Mellon in-law Stephen Currier, came up with $100,000 for a union-run training program. The new program, a substitute for Dig, was to be administered in conjunction with the local Opportunities Industrialization Center (OIC), a foundation-financed hotbed of black capitalism, and the Bidwell Cultural and Training Center, another beneficiary of the Allegheny Council's post-assassination munificence.

But "the moderates" weren't biting. Bidwell denied any connection with the offer. OIC backed out. Both joined Smith in a united front which, in August, expanded into the community-wide Black Construction Coalition and the Black Monday attack on the construction unions.

The problem for Pittsburgh's elite is that Nate Smith, who commonly shows up at negotiations in sandals and a colorful African dashiki, is much more radical than the Coalition and understands clearly what the business leaders are doing. "The corporations want to flood the labor market to bring wages down," he explains. A union man himself, Smith believes that if the unions are busted, the blacks will get hurt along with the whites. "It's not a black-white thing," he insists, "but a question of the haves versus the have-nots." Yet, especially since the unions (and the contractors) refuse to negotiate with him, he just doesn't know where to turn.

Smith's dilemma plagues concerned whites as well. In Pittsburgh, a group of SDS Weatherwomen, radical opponents of "white-skin privilege," militantly joined with "guilty white liberals" in unquestioning support of the black coalition. In Seattle, the SDS Labor Committee, urging blacks to demand more housing, hospital and school construction for both black and white workers, found themselves with the correct analysis, but directed at the wrong group at the wrong time. In Chicago another SDS group leafletted the white workers and counted themselves lucky to come home in one piece. Elsewhere, old SNCC supporters and assorted New Leftists watched the news with a growing fear that class struggle had lost out to race war, and that it was simply time to choose up sides for a conflict in which both sides would lose.

[CONCLUSION]

PERHAPS IT IS TOO LATE. The building trades unions are a far cry from a radical's dream of proletarian solidarity. Many of the workers are racist. Most seem quite willing to let AFL-CIO president George Meany boost the war that boosts their grocery bill. Why should the blacks bite the extended hand of the anti-union businessmen? And why wouldn't the white construction workers see this tacit alliance as a direct attack on their livelihood?

Yet even in the absence of an easy alternative, the costs of the present alliance can still be weighed. For a quarter century prior to 1917, Chicago's biggest businessmen imported Southern blacks to scab and break the unions. In the heated summer of 1919, their investment paid an unexpected dividend—race war. The present anti-inflation crusade sets black and white workers at each other's throats in much the same way. If and when the white backlash really erupts, possibly in a more lasting and organized way than in 1919, the black man's liberal business friends will be long gone. As political ally no less than as worker, the black is still "last hired, first fired."

Equally important, big business liberals are as opposed to black control as are the contractors and unions in Pittsburgh. Writing about the fight over Smith's Operation Dig, the Wall Street Journal saw the matter clearly: "The issue is of more than local interest because it cuts to the heart of the demand increasingly made by the nation's more militant black leaders: That Negroes control the institutions that affect their lives, whether they're schools, community agencies or job training programs."

Finally, unchecked deflationary cutbacks will cut back black jobs (and wages) throughout the economy. Even those blacks who break through the union barriers will find little of the good wages they expect. "Expansion of the labor market" occurring at a time of construction cutbacks can only hold wages down for all—or lead to those regional strikes promised by the contractors. A few blacks might be able to scab, but that could lead quickly to a losing race war.

To avoid these costs, Smith and the other black radicals would have to turn their moral power and militance toward an immediate end to all Viet-Nam spending, a cutback in prices at the expense of profits rather than wages, an immediate start on the 26 million houses promised by Congress for the next ten years, and an end to the use of construction cutbacks as a tool to fight inflation. Before black people can be expected to move on that kind of program, there would have to be assurances from the unions that a fair share of the projected benefits would go to blacks. Of course to take this approach, which might attract surprising support from rank-and-file white workers, black leaders would have to fly full in the face —and the bankrolls—of the black movement's big business backers.

Pacific Studies Center, a non-profit research cooperative, publishes the monthly Pacific Research and World Empire Telegram *(12 issues for $5). PSC is located at 1963 University Ave., East Palo Alto, California.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind the Chicago Conspiracy Trial

JUDGE JULIUS JENNINGS HOFFMAN does look like Mr. Magoo. He even talks like Magoo. The first few minutes spent in his pretentious, modern courtroom on the twenty-third floor of the Chicago Federal Building make the whole Conspiracy trial seem absurdly funny.

The diminutive Hoffman is a cranky old man with a high-pitched voice that cracks in the upper registers. His wizened face has led Illinois Black Panther leader Fred Hampton to quip that the judge has so many lines on his head "that he can screw his hat on."

With his eccentricities and his comic-book face, Julius Hoffman is hard to take seriously. It is only when one realizes that this wrinkled dwarf of a man has the immense power of the state behind him that any notions about the banality of evil disappear.

If Julius Hoffman bears an uncanny resemblance to Mr.

Illustration courtesy of the Black Panther Party

by Paul Glusman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Magoo, Adolph Hitler also looked like Charlie Chaplin. If Hoffman is a lunatic, then so are Spiro Agnew, John Mitchell, and Nixon himself. There is a pattern emerging which indicates that the Conspiracy trial, the threat of similar indictments following the November Mobilization, and the spoutings of Agnew are not the unauthorized ravings of fools, but policy statements of the Nixon Administration foreshadowing the new order.

"Conspiracy" literally means to breathe together. In a conspiracy trial it is not necessary for the prosecution to show that the defendants ever met together or even knew each other. Their concurrence on a course of action may be inferred from overt acts which (although they may be legal in themselves—such as speaking at a rally) show that the defendants shared similar intent, that they "breathed the same air."

The federal "anti-riot" act makes it a crime punishable by five years imprisonment and a $10,000 fine for anyone to travel from one state to another, write a letter, send a telegram, make a phone call or speak over radio or television with the intent to encourage any person to participate in a riot. A "riot" is defined as "any act of . . . violence by one or more persons part of an assemblage of three . . . which shall result in injury to the property of any other person." The act further provides that a "riot" can exist without any violence actually having occurred; it is only necessary that a violent act be *threatened* or that there be a clear and present danger of violence occurring.

The eight defendants are each charged with one count of violating the anti-riot law and one count of conspiring to violate it. The first criminal act is their intent to encourage a riot; on the conspiracy count, the crime is literally the intent to intend this.

The law itself is so broad as to virtually outlaw protest. In the words of defendant Tom Hayden, it "would make illegal almost everything that has been done in the protest movement in the past ten years, so sweeping and so devastating is it in the kinds of things it makes illegal."

The anti-riot law was first introduced in 1967 after the Newark and Detroit rebellions, with strong backing from Southern senators, including Strom Thurmond. Unable to get the bill through Congress for over a year, supporters finally succeeded in attaching it as a rider to the 1968 civil rights open housing law (the "King Memorial Civil Rights Act"). It was the South's price for that bill's passage in the tense period immediately following Martin Luther King's assassination.

Ramsey Clark, then U.S. Attorney General—and by no means a radical or even a maverick—opposed the anti-riot bill in congressional hearings, arguing among other things that it was a violation of First Amendment rights. After the elections, Clark warned that if the new administration used the anti-riot act against the Chicago demonstrators, "It would be a clear sign that a crackdown was on its way."

Despite the opposition of the Attorney General, the indictments against the Eight were already being prepared during the Johnson Administration. (Preparations apparently began as far back as the Democratic Convention itself; at least one of the defendants was told by undercover agents at the time that he was to be indicted along with six or seven other leaders under the anti-riot act.) Clark, however, refused to prosecute. He focused instead on police brutality, basing his actions on a Reconstruction act which makes it illegal for a law enforcement officer to deprive a suspect of his constitutional rights by administering punishment before trial.

Clark's approach to the convention demonstrations ran against the current in Chicago; there the Daley machine was looking for vindication—and indictments of Chicago police were not quite what they had in mind. When Clark sent Justice Department lawyers to Chicago to initiate proceedings against police for committing acts of brutality, he could get no cooperation from either the local police or the FBI and was able to indict only eight policemen (on the basis of photographs taken by newsmen). The five policemen who have thus far come to trial—prosecuted by the same Tom Foran who is prosecuting the Conspiracy—have all been acquitted.

Meanwhile, Daley machine judge William Campbell of the Federal District Court of the Northern District of Illinois practically herded a federal Grand Jury into indicting demonstrators under the anti-riot law, giving the jury specific instructions to look into instances of demonstrators crossing state lines to organize the Chicago actions. Campbell almost cited the authors of the Walker Report for contempt of court, claiming that release of the report was timed to prejudice the Grand Jury.

Knowing that Ramsey Clark was hostile to prosecuting the demonstrators, Campbell waited until the Nixon Administration took over to report the indictments, although they were ready in the fall of 1968. His timing paid off. Immediately after taking office Nixon began to appoint to the Justice Department a set of ultra-conservative politicians who were favorable to Daley's views of the Chicago demonstration and who were prepared to move against leaders of the anti-war and black liberation movements.

THE NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL, John Mitchell, had been a close associate and law partner of Nixon's for two years. As his presidential campaign manager in 1968, Mitchell devised the strategy that enabled Nixon to sweep the South: convincing Southern political bosses that a Nixon Administration would pose no threat to segregation.

From the outset, Mitchell made it clear that he would take a hard line on civil liberties and dissent, announcing programs which included providing new leeway for wiretapping, denying bail to certain types of suspects (this "preventative detention" has been called unconstitutional even by the reactionary North Carolina Senator Sam Ervin), and establishing a "no knock" provision for narcotics searches.

The day after the inauguration Mitchell announced plans to distinguish between "demonstrators" and "activists" ("sort the wheat from the chaff") when granting permits for demonstrations, and indicated that such distinctions would be based on the past activities of those planning a given action. He has also established a "Panther Division" in the Justice Department through which he keeps the Black Panther Party under constant surveillance. Known as one of Nixon's closest advisors, Mitchell overruled most of the career Justice Department lawyers in giving his go-ahead to the prosecution of the Chicago Eight.

To serve as his top assistants, Mitchell chose a group of Republican politicians (most of them big losers in recent elections) who shared his views on the proper uses of justice. The post of Deputy Attorney General went to Richard

Photograph by Alan Copeland/Photon West

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kleindienst, a speechwriter for Barry Goldwater in 1964 and a losing candidate for governor of Arizona in that year. Goldwater, speaking for Kleindienst's nomination to his present post, praised him for bringing the "law and order" issue to the fore in that campaign. Kleindienst best summarized his own views on dissent when he stated, "If people demonstrated in a manner to interfere with others they should be rounded up and put in a detention camp." He has said of the Subversive Activities Control Board: "We're not just going to keep it alive; we're going to give it momentum."

Will Wilson, who heads the Criminal Division of the Department and is thus its chief prosecutor, is the man directly on top of the Conspiracy Eight case. He lost senatorial and gubernatorial races in Texas. A former Dallas County D.A., he got his present job on the recommendation of Senator John Tower. His position on dissent is almost as enlightened as that of Kleindienst. "I think if you could get all of them in the penitentiary you'd stop it," he says. "The ringleaders, I'm talking about."

Jerris Leonard heads up the Civil Rights division of the Justice Department, now charged with enforcing desegregation in the schools. In 1968 he lost the Wisconsin senatorial race by a landslide to Gaylord Nelson. Leonard was a member of the all-white Eagle's Club in Milwaukee. As a former State Senate Majority Leader, he sponsored legislation that would have penalized newspapers for reporting illegal lobbying activities. He launched an attack on the editor of the University of Wisconsin student newspaper, claiming that he lived in the same house with Communists. As head of the State Building Commission, Leonard set up "dummy" corporations to enable the state to exceed its legal debt limit; the corporations' bond counsel was none other than John Mitchell. Mitchell gleaned $200,000 in legal fees from the arrangement. Leonard tends to agree with his colleagues in the Justice Department on the correct handling of contradictions among the people: "What those kids need is the strap across the seat of their pants once in a while and a little good rough treatment from the cop on the beat."

INDICTMENTS AGAINST THE EIGHT were presented by the Grand Jury in March, 1969. Originally, Judge Campbell, whose crusade led to the indictments, selected himself to try the case. This was thought to be too blatant, however, and the Conspiracy case was reassigned to the court of Julius Hoffman.

In a pretrial court session Hoffman denied 35 out of 35 defense motions, including one for discovery of wiretap evidence and one for a six-week delay in the trial while Charles Garry, chief lawyer for the Eight, recovered from a gall bladder operation in California.

Meanwhile, Bobby Seale was arrested in Berkeley, California, on charges of conspiring to commit murder in Connecticut. While Seale was fighting extradition to the East Coast, federal marshals spirited him away without informing either his family or lawyers of his whereabouts. A San Francisco federal judge ordered that Seale be returned, but U.S. marshals stalled, claiming not to know where he was, and finally announced that Seale was in Sacramento, outside the San Francisco judge's jurisdiction. After a week-long journey by car, Seale arrived in Chicago where he was incarcerated in the Cook County Jail. William Kunstler, one of the two remaining lawyers in the case, filed a general appearance in behalf of Seale so that he could visit him in jail.

The trial began on September 24, with Hoffman denying all defense motions. In federal courts, the judge has the option of interviewing prospective jurors himself to determine prejudice, rather than allowing the attorneys to do it. The judge supposedly asks questions from lists submitted by both defense and prosecution. In the Chicago Eight case, Judge Hoffman picked the jury in two hours and fifty minutes, rejecting all the questions submitted by the defense and making only such inquiries as "Can you be fair?" Hoffman even refused to ask prospective jurors whether they had read about the case that day in the paper.

After the lawyers completed their opening statements, Seale attempted to make his own statement to the jury. Judge Hoffman ordered Seale to sit down, ruling—as he continued to rule throughout the first stage of the trial—that Seale was represented by Kunstler because of the appearance that Kunstler had filed earlier. Seale denied that he had ever chosen Kunstler as his lawyer in the case and claimed he could only be adequately represented by Charles Garry. He had fired Kunstler, as he had the right to do, before the beginning of the trial—before any evidence was introduced or witnesses sworn in. Since Garry was not there, he planned to represent himself. For this, Seale was cited for contempt, the first of 16 counts.

Next, Hoffman jailed two of the four young attorneys who had been retained to do pretrial work on the case. Never having planned to defend the Eight in court, they had formally withdrawn from the case by telegram instead of flying thousands of miles to withdraw in person. Hoffman's response—citing the four for contempt, ordering their arrest, and briefly placing two in jail—led to lawyers' demonstrations around the country. "It is an outrage unparalleled in American judicial history," declared Professor Alan Dershowitz of the Harvard Law School.

So began the fair trial of the Conspiracy Eight. The atmosphere which Hoffman established at the outset of the trial was reinforced by the heavy security maintained in the Federal Building and in the courtroom itself.

EVERYONE ENTERING the building and the court—except for lawyers, defendants and press—is subject to a thorough search of body and possessions. Five U.S. marshals stand at every door, and there are often as many as 25 others on duty in and around the courtroom. The entire building seems saturated with marshals, FBI agents and other federal security troops. Every black marshal in the country must have been brought in for this trial.

The courtroom itself is stark modern. Not large, it is almost exactly square, with sleek oak-paneled walls, which seem devoid of doors until a panel swings open to reveal the corridor beyond. There is room for a hundred spectators on the modern wooden pews; half of the space is set aside for press and family.

Everyone but spectators and press sits in large plush swivel chairs. Footsteps are muffled by a thick brown carpet—the same brown as is found in the tables, benches, and walls. Jerry Rubin says they are being tried in a "rich man's living room." The entire ceiling is covered with fluorescent lights so that the courtroom is without shadows. Defendant Abbie Hoffman calls the place a "neon oven." (Abbie has also leaked to the press that he is really Julius Hoffman's illegitimate son, and has tried, unsuccessfully, to change his first name to "Fuck."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now he says he will drop the last name entirely.)

At the front and high above the rest of the courtroom sits Julius Hoffman—gnarled, ancient, and decrepit. The last 24 cases tried in his court have ended in conviction. Twenty-five cases ago, he was so incensed at an acquittal that he put a juror in jail for two years because the man had read a newspaper clipping about the case.

Hoffman is fond of reminding the defense attorneys that his courtroom was designed by Mies Van der Rohe. "Mr. Weinglass, why don't you stand over by the lectern? That lectern was designed by Mies Van der Rohe. If he'd have meant you to stand over there, he'd have put the lectern over there."

The judge also has a habit of mispronouncing the names of the lawyers and defendants: Leonard Weinglass has become "Weinstein" and "Feinglass." David Dellinger is sometimes known in court as "Mr. Derringer." Defense Attorney William Kunstler often introduces himself before cross-examining a prosecution witness, saying: "Hello, my name is William Kunstler. I'm one of the attorneys for the defense." On one such occasion, Hoffman interrupted Kunstler, rambled on for a while, and finally started to let the attorney proceed, only to interject: "Oh yes. This is Charles Kunstler, a lawyer who came here all the way from New York City." When displeased with the way Weinglass was cross-examining a witness, Hoffman opined: "You may do things like that in New York, Mr. Weinglass, but we operate differently here."

Heading the team of government lawyers is U.S. Attorney Tom Foran, a Democrat and close friend of Mayor Daley. After completing this case, he is expected to run for the United States Senate. His grey hair is combed and swirled back to make a good impression on campaign posters and in supermarket personal appearances, and he is fond of making campaign speeches in the courtroom. His primary political ties are to Mayor Daley. During the riots following Martin Luther King's death, for example, Foran personally called Ramsey Clark to request the sending of federal troops to Chicago, thus taking the pressure off the mayor, who legally should have made the request himself. A conservative Democrat, Foran is closer to Mitchell's Justice Department than he was to Ramsey Clark's. Before the Chicago Democratic Convention, at a time when Clark was pushing for a cool approach to the demonstrations, Foran stated, "None of these demonstrations is going to be protected by the Bill of Rights. Dissent is constitutional only when it takes the form of the written or spoken word."

Foran and his staff did most of the investigative work that led to the prosecutions, including such arduous tasks as documenting Yippie plots to dump LSD in the Chicago water supply, to paint their cars as cabs and let delegates off in Wisconsin, and to ask for $100,000 in exchange for leaving town.

By all accounts, Foran is prosecuting this case in order to vindicate Mayor Daley, and to provide a springboard for his own senatorial campaign.

Although Foran is the head of the prosecution lawyers, most of the work is done by Richard Schultz, a young attorney with career ambitions. He is known as "Schultz the shyster" at the defense table. When not examining witnesses, Schultz sits back in his swivel chair, arms on his knees, playing with a pen, and waiting for the defense counsel to make a move that displeases him—at which time he perks up, stretches out his arm, points forward, and dashes up to the lectern emitting a long "sssaaaaaaayyyyyyyyy." Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman frequently get out the "sssaaaaaaayyyyyyy" before he does.

Schultz is always running up to Judge Hoffman like a first grade tattle-tale, reporting on the activities of the various defendants. "Mr. Dellinger was speaking to the spectators before you came in, your honor." "Mr. Rubin made a remark to me while the witness was testifying."

Roger Cubbage, the youngest and least experienced of the government team, has a tight-faced, determined look. Brilliant but clumsy, Cubbage comes from the Panther Division of the Justice Department, and is in effect Mitchell's personal representative in Chicago. His role in the courtroom is a minor one, consisting mainly of introducing exhibits such as movies and tapes, which he chronically misidentifies. For this he is publicly berated by Foran, Schultz and the judge. The defendants always taunt him with appeals like "Hey, Cubbage, why don't you come over and work for us?"

With Garry hospitalized, the two remaining lawyers for the defense are William Kunstler and Leonard Weinglass. Not only must these men function within the limits of legal decorum in a courtroom where they are continually subjected to abuse from the government attorneys as well as from the judge, but they themselves have clearly become defendants; both widely acclaimed for their ability in the courtroom, they will likely be jailed on contempt for trying this case. Already the government is preparing for contempt indictments by gathering evidence on statements made by the lawyers out of court; and the two have repeatedly been warned by Hoffman that their conduct in court is "contumacious."

Kunstler is probably the best known and ablest civil liberties lawyer in the country. Among his clients in recent years have been Martin Luther King, Jr., Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, and Jack Ruby. He never takes a fee for a civil rights case. "I have a skill," he explains. "I have a profession that can be used in some way for social advancement and I'm going to use it as I see fit."

Kunstler has an eloquent, almost aristocratic manner in the courtroom. He leans on the lectern with one elbow and gestures broadly with his free arm as he argues motions and cross-examines witnesses in his deep resonant voice. He looks particularly exasperated each time he is harassed by the judge. His arguments, however cogent, are futile and he knows it; he is making them for the record. But Hoffman insists on interrupting, no matter how polite and deferential Kunstler manages to be.

Kunstler will be opening an argument with, "You know, your honor, that on the very day . . ." when Hoffman will interrupt for no purpose but to humiliate: "How do you know what I know? It seems that I am the only one who is aware of what I know. I would appreciate in the future if you did not lecture the court on what it knows, or rather what you think it knows."

Weinglass, whose name is so much maligned by Hoffman, is the younger of the two defense attorneys. He did most of the basic research into the facts of the case, and probably knows more of what happened at the convention demonstrations than any other man alive. Weinglass never seems to sleep; he is always up in the early hours of the morning preparing for the day's session in court. He is tough on cross-examination, asking a government witness, for example, "Isn't it a fact, Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frapolly, that yesterday in response to some of my questions, you were not able to recall because, unlike Mr. Foran, I hadn't gone over and rehearsed with you for a period of four hours what you were to say in court?"

Weinglass received perhaps the ultimate compliment from Judge Hoffman, who was overheard by a reporter in an elevator to complain, "Now I have to go up and listen to that wild man Weinglass again."

TESTIMONY ABOUT THE EIGHT defendants has been sparse. The government has little evidence of criminal acts committed by anyone during the demonstrations and none whatsoever that would point to an agreement among these defendants to come to Chicago.

Government evidence falls into two categories. One is recorded speeches and interviews of the defendants urging people to come to Chicago. Generally these turn out to be mild statements which could have been made by any peace movement organizer about any demonstration.

The other type of evidence is the testimony of undercover policemen who followed the defendants during the Chicago Convention. Introduced in an attempt to show that the defendants committed acts in Chicago to further their conspiracy, this testimony comes out wildly jumbled and filled with contradictions, reflecting more about the fantasies of the police than about the actions of the demonstrators. Jerry Rubin, for example, was credited with making a speech in Lincoln Park (on a day when he was home sick) befitting Napoleon at Moscow: "Hold the park at all costs. Arm yourselves and defeat the pigs. If the pigs take the park all is lost. Tomorrow is the day we march down to disrupt the convention. We must be prepared to sacrifice our lives. Ask my marshals for further instructions."

"How did the crowd react?" the agent was primed by the prosecution.

"With wild cheering."

"Were any swear words used?"

"Objection," Kunstler was on his feet. "The type of language the defendant allegedly used is not in question, it is not relevant, it is not what he is being tried for."

"Overruled, it is relevant," said Hoffman. The defendants are being tried for their language, their beliefs, their life-style.

"He used swear words every other sentence. Get the blankety-blank pigs, beat the blankety-blank out of them."

"What did he say afterwards?"

"He talked to Rennie Davis and said 'I'll meet you at the command post at 4:30.' "

Listening to this in his courtroom seat, the 31-year-old co-founder of the Youth International Party was overcome with laughter, as were most of the spectators. But the jury sat, stoney-faced, staring at Rubin.

The jury consists of ten women and two men. Early in the trial two of the jurors received letters stating, "We are watching you. [signed] The Black Panthers." Seale denied that the Black Panther Party had anything to do with sending the letters. It would have been absurd for them to have done so, since the jurors who received letters were considered the most favorable by the defense. At any rate, the judge showed the notes to the two jurors and asked if they could still render an impartial verdict. One, who had not seen the note until it was shown to her by the judge, said she could not and was therefore dismissed. Since then, the jurors have been sequestered—isolated from their families and lodged in the Palmer House Hotel. Cut off from the media and quickly ushered out of the courtroom whenever anything controversial happens, they learn about the case only in bits and pieces. Lacking any perspective, they seem completely overwhelmed.

And perspective will be a large part of how they evaluate the evidence. For instance, the government spent three days and ten witnesses trying to prove that John Froines, a hitherto unknown chemistry professor from Eugene, Oregon, made a stink bomb. For this, he may go to jail for ten years. The prosecution maintains that Froines bought butyric acid (which smells like vomit) from a Chicago chemical supply house and gave it to two women who were subsequently arrested for stink bombing the "Charade-a-go-go" nightclub in the Palmer House. In one woman's purse the police found letters to Tom Hayden (from Hanoi, incidentally). The other woman had once been seen talking to Froines. The government's assumption, though never proven, is that "mad scientist" Froines and "wild communist" Hayden somehow put the women up to the act in order to further their conspiracy to create a riot.

The government has also zeroed in on Tom Hayden, citing the fact that he disguised himself after being arrested twice at the beginning of the convention week. Very conspiratorial. Hayden sleeps through much of the trial, spending the rest of his time speaking and organizing the defense. He sees the trial as part of a crackdown on revolutionary dissent being carried out by the Nixon Administration. He feels that Nixon is trying to shock and horrify the liberals, especially those in the law profession, by railroading this case through and showing them that they can do nothing about it. He believes that Nixon would like to have the liberals running scared, so that he could then isolate and smash the left.

There has been almost no evidence against Rennie Davis or Dave Dellinger. Identified with the National Mobilization Committee during the convention, and with the New Mobe now, the two seemed in the early part of the trial more interested in mounting a successful Mobilization than concerned about the trial. Davis thinks the trial is being held in order to crush the anti-war movement, thereby freeing Nixon to reduce ground operations in Viet-Nam while increasing air attacks and firebombings, in an attempt to cut down U.S. casualties and "win" the war by a massive slaughter of the people of Viet-Nam.

Dave Dellinger has been through all of this before. He spent three years in jail in the 1940's for refusing the draft. He was polite in court then, and when he was sentenced, the judge remarked that he was a fine human being. Then, in the lockup, the marshal handcuffed him and said, "Let's go, motherfucker." At that point he realized that being polite in court was a mistake. This time he was the first to interpose his body between the marshals and Bobby Seale.

Lee Weiner is a graduate student and doctoral candidate at Northwestern University; along with Froines, he represents the university intellectuals in Nixon's cross-section of the militant protest movement. Weiner seems to reject the reality of this absurd trial, reading books on zen, sociology, Dante, and Lao-Tzu during most of the proceedings. When asked if he is indeed Lee Weiner, he often replies no, he is a member of the legal staff.

Photographs by Steve Shames/Photon West

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The press has frequently portrayed the defendants as clowns and disrupters whose antics have turned the courtroom into a three-ring circus. In fact, most of the chaos has been initiated by Judge Hoffman in his determination to prevent Seale from defending himself. While some of the defendants have had their frivolous moments (as when they tried to present a cake to Seale on his birthday only to have the marshals arrest it), there have been only a few occasions when they refused to stand, spoke without permission, or engaged in other activities abnormal to a courtroom—and most of these incidents were related either to the Moratorium or to the gagging of Bobby Seale. In fact, what the papers refer to as a "circus atmosphere" usually amounts to little more than the casual manners and dress of the defendants. Except for Dave Dellinger, who ordinarily wears a suit, they dress in jeans, shirts, sweatshirts—whatever they normally wear. During the sessions they often talk, write, pass notes, walk outside to the bathroom, relax or sleep. On the government table, the papers are in tidy little piles. The defense table looks like a cross between a commune and a garbage pail.

For the defendants, the time spent in court represents only a fraction of the work that they are doing on the case. Convinced that they cannot get a fair trial, they have decided to take the politics of their case to the American people—and especially to the youth. This has meant an exhausting schedule of meetings, writing, and speaking that takes them to many Midwestern towns as well as to major cities around the country. The message they are carrying is that with this trial the government is revealing its hand of repression to the American people and raising for the first time widespread doubts about the legitimacy of the court system.

FROM THE ORIGINAL announcement of the indictments, the central figure in the trial has been Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale. His presence in the trial would have drawn attention in any case, but the fact that he was deprived of his right to defend himself in the absence of his lawyer, Charles Garry, made Seale the focal point of the courtroom.

Throughout the trial Seale acted without respect for the court, but with great dignity. His voice came through clear and strong, and while he was speaking, even the judge dared not interrupt. Seale looked thin, his face drawn and tired, but there was still fire in his eyes and voice. He got up to speak only at the appropriate times, at the beginning of each morning's session and at the proper time to cross-examine a witness who had testified against him. Although the press referred to his actions as "violent outbursts," all he usually did was to demand his constitutional right to act in his own defense. Only when his rights were denied did he lash out, calling the judge a "fascist," "racist," or "pig."

As tension over Seale's demands mounted (both inside and outside the courtroom), U.S. Attorney Schultz moved for a confrontation, reporting falsely to the judge that the Panther leader had addressed the spectators before the morning session, urging them to attack the marshals:

"MR. SCHULTZ: If the Court please, before you came into this courtroom, if the Court please, Bobby Seale stood up and addressed this group.

"MR. SEALE: That's right, brother.

"MR. SCHULTZ: And Bobby Seale said if he is—

"MR. SEALE: I spoke on behalf of my constitutional rights. I have a right to speak in behalf of my constitutional rights. That's right.

"MR. SCHULTZ: And he told those people in his audience, if the Court please—and I want this on the record. It happened this morning—that if he's attacked, they know what to do. . . . He was talking to these people about an attack by them.

"MR. SEALE: You're lying. Dirty liar. I told them to defend themselves. You are a rotten racist pig, fascist liar, that's what you are. You're a rotten liar. You're a rotten liar. You are a fascist pig liar.

"I said they had a right to defend themselves if they are attacked, and I hope that the record carries that. And I hope the record shows that tricky Dick Schultz, working for Richard Nixon and the Administration, is a liar. And we have a right to defend ourselves, and if you attack me, I will defend myself.

"MR. SCHULTZ: If the Court please, that is what he said, just as he related it.

"MR. SEALE: You're darned right.

"MR. SCHULTZ: In terms of a physical attack by the people in this—

"MR. SEALE: A physical attack by those damned marshals, that's what I said. . . . And if they attack any people, they have a right to defend themselves, you lying pig.

"THE COURT: Let the record show the tone of Mr. Seale's voice was one shrieking and pounding on the table and shouting. That will be dealt with appropriately at some time in the future."

Later in the same day, Seale made still another request to cross-examine a prosecution witness and the following incident took place, as shown in the court transcript:

"MR. SEALE: What about Section 1982, Title 42 of the Code where it says the black man cannot be discriminated against in my legal defense in any court in America?

"THE COURT: Mr. Seale, you do know what is going to happen to you—

"MR. SEALE: You just got through saying you observed the laws. That law protects my right not to be discriminated against in my legal defense. Why don't you recognize that? Let me defend myself. . . .

"THE COURT: I will not hear you now. I am asking you to be silent. . . .

"MR. SEALE: My argument is, and I still argue the point, that you recognize my constitutional rights to defend myself.

"THE COURT: Mr. Seale, do you want to stop or do you want me to direct the marshal—

"MR. SEALE: I want to argue the point about this so you can get an understanding of the fact that I have a right to defend myself.

"THE COURT: We will take a recess. Take that defendant into the room in there and deal with him as he should be dealt with in this circumstance. . . .

"In an attempt to maintain order in the courtroom, the Court thereupon ordered the defendant Seale removed from the courtroom, at which time he was forcibly restrained by binding and gagging."

Seale was bound and gagged, but not silenced. As the defendants looked on in horror, Seale's restraints were in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creased, and the straps tightened. Dellinger threw himself in front of the marshals; Seale yelled out, "Don't kick me in the balls, motherfucker." Angry words were shouted from the lawyers to Judge Hoffman, as Rennie Davis spoke to the jury and Tom Hayden addressed the spectators, pleading for an end to the inhuman treatment of Seale.

Kunstler, speaking in obvious anguish, addressed the judge: "When are we going to stop the medieval torture chamber that is going on in this court? . . . I feel so utterly ashamed to be an American lawyer at this time."

The judge's reply: "You *should* feel ashamed of your conduct in this case, sir."

Despite the restraints, Seale continued to demand, in a muffled but quite understandable voice, his right to cross-examine witnesses and conduct his own defense.

Seale had tonsillitis at the time of his gagging, and was forced to sit for eight hours a day with the blood to his extremities painfully cut off. In a note scribbled to Weinglass, Seale described the torture to which he was being subjected: "The type of gag first used this morning stopped my blood circulation throughout my head around my jaws and mouth around the back of my neck. They tried to force rags in my mouth this morning after I told them I had tonsil trouble and would definitely run a high body temperature. The gauze used this morning was a kind that tightens the longer it is wrapped around any part of the body." In addition, Seale was handcuffed to a wooden chair, his legs shackled to the chair's legs, and his torso tied down with a large leather strap.

The gags and chains, which had been introduced on a Thursday, were removed without explanation on the following Monday. The press hinted that the move had resulted from "negotiations" with the defense; in fact, no such bargaining had taken place. The government simply realized that the sight of the black man bound and gagged was evoking too much sympathy from the jury and too much outrage on the part of world opinion.

With the gag off, Seale continued to insist upon his right to represent himself. When a prosecution witness, a County Sheriff's deputy from California, testified that he had followed Seale to the airport the day he had gone to Chicago, Kunstler refused to cross-examine, maintaining that the witness had testified only against Seale, and that he did not represent the Panther leader.

Seale then got up, walked to the lectern and began shooting questions at the deputy: "Why did you follow me?" "Have you ever participated in raids on Black Panther Party offices or on party member's homes?" "Have you ever killed a member of the Black Panther Party?" He got no answers.

Furious, Hoffman ordered Seale to sit down, then recessed the court an hour and a half early. The judge was so upset that he neglected to excuse the jury until reminded to do so by Foran.

When court resumed, Hoffman announced that he was finding Seale guilty of contempt. For the next hour and a half he read from the court record to chronicle his findings. In love with his voice and acting ability, he gave tasteless flourishes to his reading of the exchanges between himself and Seale. As the spectators sat numb, Hoffman declared Seale guilty of 16 instances of contempt, sentenced him to three months on each count, and declared his case a mistrial. Seale, still stunned, demanded an immediate trial. As he was led away, he continued to shout: "I still want an immediate trial. You can't call it a mistrial." Then a few seconds of silence. "I'm put in jail for four years for nothing!" Then, quieter, "I want my coat." The spectators ignored the marshals and stood up for him, shouting "Power to the People" and "Free Bobby."

On a purely personal level the sentence against Seale was a petty act of vengeance by a two-bit tyrant judge. Bested in his own court—his tiny kingdom—by a man who is mentally, morally, and physically superior to him, Julius Hoffman punished Seale out of spite.

But Hoffman's move had political significance as well. The government, believing that the black liberation movement can be crushed by eliminating its leaders, wants to see Seale (if not electrocuted in Connecticut) behind bars for the rest of his life; and they don't care what pretense they use to get him there.

THE TRIAL GOES ON, but the courtroom seems empty without Seale, who did more than anyone to cut through the hypocrisy of the trial and to destroy the facade of judicial impartiality which ordinarily serves to cover the political repression that goes on in the courts.

The evidence against the seven remaining defendants is flimsy and contrived. There is no proof, or even an attempt to prove, that there was an agreement among them. But they still may be convicted, for the instructions that Hoffman gives the jury will require only the flimsiest of evidence to find the defendants guilty. Moreover, Hoffman does not grant appeal bail, so the defendants (if convicted) may be jailed while awaiting appeal.

A great many people who are normally shocked by any infringement on civil liberties have refused to take the Conspiracy trial seriously. Unable to believe that such a mockery of justice can occur in America, they assume that a conviction in Hoffman's court will necessarily be overturned on appeal. Hoffman himself is seen as an anachronism, an aberration whose peculiar stupidity in handling this case is contributing to the dangerous polarization now going on in the country.

What is becoming increasingly clear, however, is that polarization and repression constitute the preferred strategy of the Nixon Administration. The Conspiracy trial is one stage in the development of this strategy, and the government is going to great lengths to win it. Having put Bobby Seale away, they would like to turn their attention to the anti-war movement, jailing its leaders as well. But even if they lose this case on appeal, they believe that they will be able to win in the future. By appointing conservatives to judicial posts (including the Supreme Court), by bringing government pressure into the courtroom, and more generally by rallying the right and publicly attacking dissent, the Administration is already working to create a situation in which political activists can be jailed without the threat of reversals. The question of whether the seven will win on appeal, then, is not so much a matter of judicial evidence and procedure as it is a question of how far the Nixon Administration has already gotten in implementing its strategy of polarization and repression.

Paul Glusman is an activist at U.C. Berkeley. One of the Berkeley Three, his own trial on conspiracy charges recently ended in a hung jury.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back-of-the-Book

LSD and SDS And Little Lambs Eat Ivy

WOULD YOU PREFER a weather forecast from Timothy Leary or Mark Rudd? Is Rap Brown and the Hog Farm a new rock and roll band?

Are Terry Southern and Women's Liberation a contradiction in terms?

Has Dr. Spock been a greater influence on the underground press than vice-versa?

Is the difference between Jerry Rubin and a guerrilla theater troupe merely numerical?

Does Madalyn Murray have faith in Ecology?

Is Robert Downey considered a sellout by Newsreel?

How many radical lawyers can Ed Sanders fit on the pin of a head?

These disparate individuals and groups are just a few of the strange bedfellows from the Movement Speakers Bureau, which recently opened shop at 333 E. 5th St. in New York. The Speakers Bureau can supply Psychedelic Zen Freaks, a sociologist rapping on drug statistics, a chanter of mantras. Whatever turns you on.

On the other hand, there is Rennie Davis (the first boy on his block to bring back three prisoners of the Viet-Nam war), Gene Marine ("I think, on careful reflection, that in the past nine years I've covered more demonstrations than any other reporter in America"), and Robin Palmer (author of *On Violence* for the Institute for Policy Studies and a convicted pornographic movie star—over a hundred blue movies, count 'em).

Even the Bureau's catalog is a source of controversy within the ranks. Consider this quote from the cover:

"*The Newlywed Game* with its Amana Freezer giveaway sells whiter washes while detergents pollute lakes to the point of death. The mother who pushes her child down the Safeway aisle in the stainless steel shopping cart is the true oppressor of earth: she doesn't know it."

"No," says Robin Morgan—who is described inside as an organizer, among other things, of the demonstrations against the Miss America Pageant—"she's *not* the true oppressor in the way those who make the goods she's forced to buy are, any more than a black man whose hair is processed and the chemicals thrown away to torture the earth; you can't blame *him* for that. There are all sorts of forces. Go somewhere else for your *true* oppressors."

This does get tricky, though. Extend that attitude to its absurd conclusion and you get Jerry (Captain Trips) Garcia of The Grateful Dead proclaiming: "There are *no* evil people, there are only victims."

Extend it simply to its *logical* conclusion and you get Anita (Yippie!) Hoffman criticizing the one-dimensional aspect of the double-murder at the end of *Easy Rider*: "It's a Bobby Kennedy kind of liberalism—the villainy of the South—but those crackers believe what the *media* have told them."

IN THE PAST, many activists have accepted speaking engagements at universities and elsewhere through booking agencies which receive 30 to 40 per cent of the fee. Others have wanted to speak before college audiences to raise money for projects, but haven't had the necessary contacts.

The Movement Speakers Bureau will correct that situation. It is to be run by movement people for the benefit of the movement. All of the profits will be dispersed among a variety of organizations at the end of each year, to be decided on a one-man one-vote basis. The advisory board includes Dave Dellinger, Allen Ginsberg, Dick Gregory, Tom Hayden, William Kunstler and Bobby Seale.

The first booking was at a Baltimore campus—a package deal consisting of Abbie Hoffman, myself, and a weird mixture of musical ingredients called David Peel and the Lower East Side. There was a hassle over whether state funds should be used to sponsor the likes of us, but student power won out.

So we did our respective things. It's difficult to ascertain where the freak show ends and information begins; where information ends and agitation begins. But Karl Hess sums it up: "It will continue to be easy for people to say 'It can't happen here' if, in fact, they do not know that it *is* happening here."

—PAUL KRASSNER

THE FOUR-GATED CITY. *By Doris Lessing. Knopf, 1969. $7.50.*

THE EXISTENCE OF A Doris Lessing cult among members of women's liberation groups in this country poses some interesting questions about the nature of feminine writing. Lessing herself has, on a number of occasions, publicly disassociated herself from any affiliation with the women's movement; she has little sympathy for it and is less than happy with its veneration of her books. To view her novels as explorations of the war between the sexes, she has said, is to trivialize both them and her; she feels the concerns of her fiction are far broader than merely the relationships between women and men, and between women and society.

As it now stands, Lessing's novel, *The Golden Notebook*, is regarded by women's liberationists almost as a Little Red Book of their philosophy. It is probably the most widely read and deeply appreciated book on the women's liberation reading list, Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* and Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* notwithstanding.

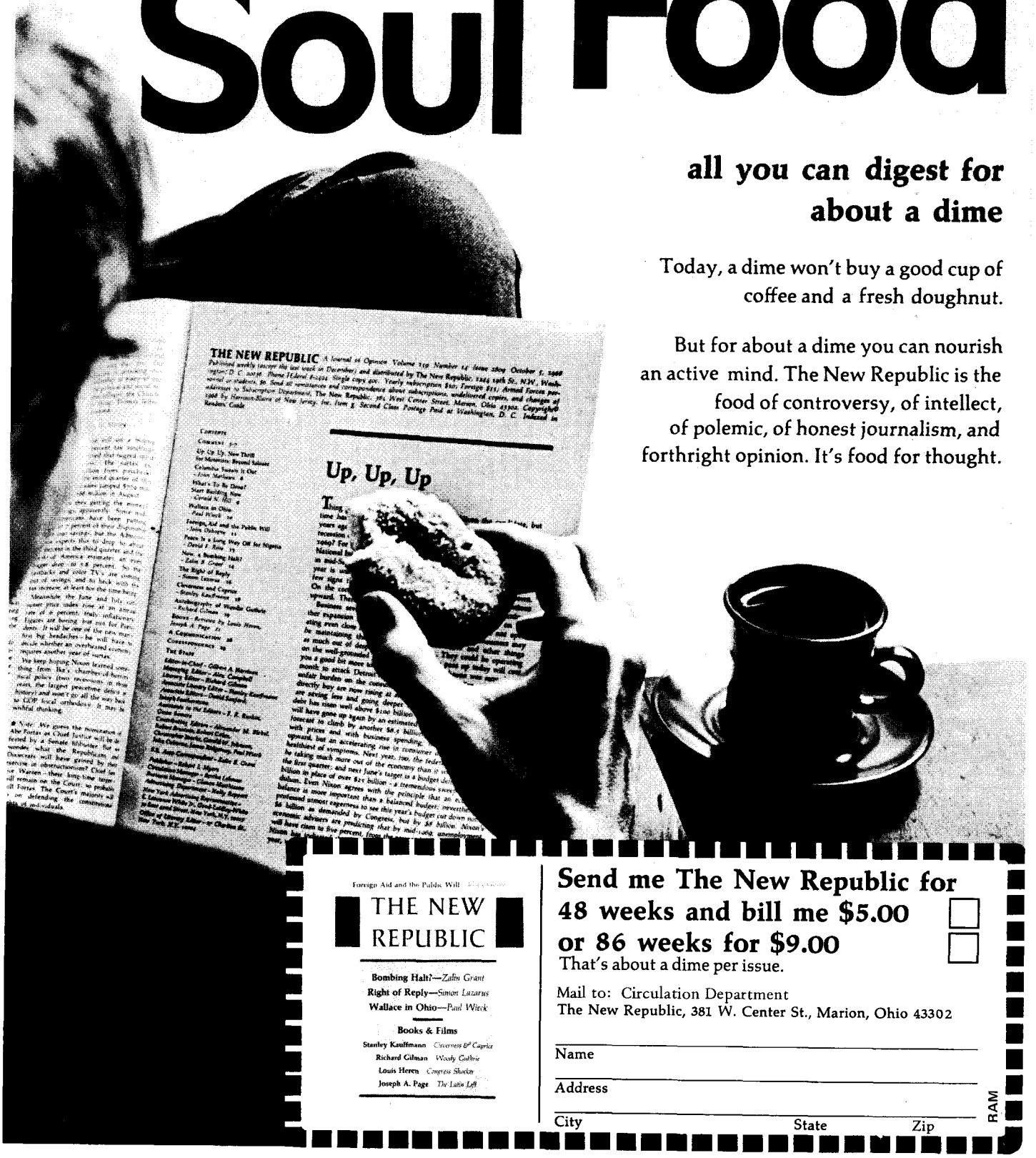
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soul Food

all you can digest for about a dime

Today, a dime won't buy a good cup of coffee and a fresh doughnut.

But for about a dime you can nourish an active mind. The New Republic is the food of controversy, of intellect, of polemic, of honest journalism, and forthright opinion. It's food for thought.



Foreign Aid and the Public Will

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Bombing Halt?—*Zalin Grant*
Right of Reply—*Simon Lazarus*
Wallace in Ohio—*Paul Wieck*

Books & Films
Stanley Kauffmann *Closeness & Caprice*
Richard Gilman *Woody Guthrie*
Louis Heren *Congress Shocker*
Joseph A. Page *The Latin Left*

Send me The New Republic for 48 weeks and bill me $5.00 ☐
or 86 weeks for $9.00 ☐
That's about a dime per issue.

Mail to: Circulation Department
The New Republic, 381 W. Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RAM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here, as elsewhere, Lessing is in disagreement with them; clearly she views as her major work not *The Golden Notebook* but *The Children of Violence*, of which her recently published novel, *The Four-Gated City*, is the fifth and final volume.

Lessing complains that it is only in Sweden and the United States that she is viewed primarily as a women's writer. It is as though the noun "writer" assumes masculinity, white skin, and Christianity, and terms like black writer or woman writer or Jewish writer designate different species. By connotation, "women's writer" is a more limiting, and in fact fairly degrading, label; there is no male equivalent because men's books are assumed to be universally interesting. Women's writer, like women's magazine, implies a narrowness of scope and a triviality of content, appealing only to the inferior minds and concerns of women and holding no interest for the more outward-looking males.

In our culture, it seems that the highest form of praise that can be bestowed upon a woman intellectual is to say that she has "a masculine mind." The New York Times Book Review wrote of *A Proper Marriage*, the second volume of *The Children of Violence*: "Mrs. Lessing's mind, like [George Eliot's], is masculine in its vigor and passionate intensity and the result is paradoxical; it seems that it is through this masculine vigor that the female, as distinct from the feminine, is most completely expressed." Is it even possible that there could be such a thing as a "masculine mind," more vigorous and intense than a "feminine mind" (filled, no doubt, with thoughts of clothes and babies)? The human mind differs in qualitative intellectual ability from person to person, but not from sex to sex. Masculine, as in masculine mind, is not a descriptive term; it is merely a measure of value for a culture in which masculine carries a favorable connotation and feminine a pejorative one.

Doris Lessing is a woman writer because biologically she's a woman; she's called a women's writer because she writes *about* women. Our literature abounds in Augie Marches, Holden Caulfields, Huckleberry Finns; but few major novels of social history revolve around women, for the simple reason that women don't participate in many of the critical events of their times. It is only in 19th century European novels that one finds important fictional women —Anna Karenina, Becky Sharp, Emma Bovary—and they're there because the condition of women best dramatized the imprisoning forces of that era.

In contrast, Lessing's books are built around women's lives. The five volumes of *The Children of Violence—Martha Quest*, *A Proper Marriage*, *A Ripple From the Storm*, *Landlocked*, *The Four-Gated City*—follow the life of Martha Quest from her adolescence in Southern Rhodesia through two unhappy marriages, involvement in the Communist Party, life in London during three decades following World War II, to her death on a remote island off the coast of Scotland following an unspecified nuclear catastrophe which obliterates England and the East Coast of America. As in *The Golden Notebook*, the fabric of the work is woven from the minutiae of a woman's thoughts and everyday life, and from her connection to the major historical events of her time.

Lessing is a perceptive, sensitive and precise writer, preoccupied with detail and with introspection. One of the assumptions underlying her work, but never stated, is that women are the equals of men; that their lives are as significant and interesting and capable of inspiring great fiction as are those of men. Does this make her a feminist? One may compassionately and accurately observe the condition of women in our time and come to certain ineluctable conclusions ordinarily associated with feminism—without being a feminist. Doris Lessing has no vision of female emancipation as a viable alternative to the way women now live; her characterization of Anna and Molly as free women in the chapter headings throughout the *Notebook* is totally ironic. But then, there are no free men in her books either. She is profoundly pessimistic about the female condition, but she is just as pessimistic about the human condition.

What appeals to women's liberationists about Lessing's books is the way they inspire passionate personal identification with the characters. The shock of recognition of oneself, the sense of "Yes, someone is writing about *my* life exactly as it is" is overwhelming. The young Martha Quest reads voraciously, asking of the books she reads, "What does this say about my life?" "It must be admitted that there always came a point," Lessing writes in *A Proper Marriage*, "where Martha turned from the novelists and tale-tellers to that section of the bookcase which was full of books called *The Psychology of . . .*, *The Behaviour of . . .*, *A Guide to . . .*, with the half-formulated thought that the novelists had not caught up with life; for there was no doubt that the sort of things she or Stella or Alice talked about found no reflection in literature—or rather, it was the attitudes of mind they took for granted that did not appear there, from which she deduced that women in literature were still what men, or the men-women, wished they were." Lessing is clearly trying to relate to that need. There is one passage in *The Golden Notebook* which describes in the most minute detail Anna's thoughts and actions on awakening in the morning, and contrasts her state of mind with that of her lover. I know of no other passage in contemporary fiction which zeroes in with such deadly accuracy on the essential difference between the way men and women think and live in Western society.

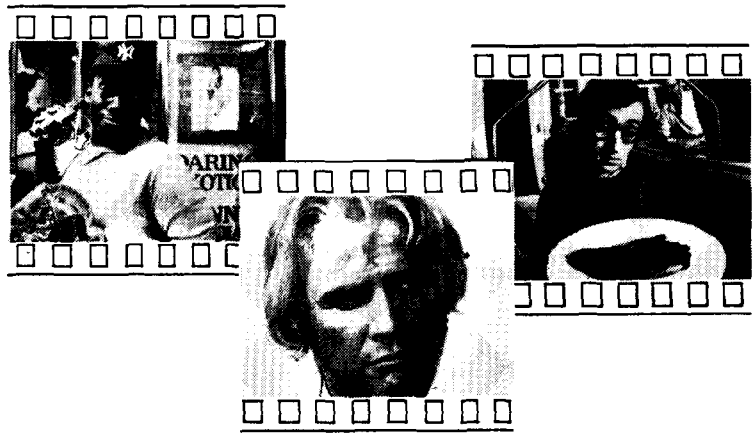
Lessing's characters possess a constant psychic awareness of the handicaps of their sex and of their disadvantages in a male-oriented society. For that reason, perhaps, one might say that her books are written "from a woman's point of view." Yet Lessing has no interest in *protesting* the condition of women; her concern is simply to *describe* it, for the sake of women like Martha who would look to books for "some pattern of words which would neatly and safely cage what she felt—isolate her emotions so that she could look at them from outside."

Like the women in 19th century novels, Lessing's heroines are trapped by their locale, their time, their inability to take action. They are neurotic and helpless, always seeming to be compelled to actions directly contrary to what they really desire. They go to bed with men they dislike; they marry men they loathe. Their personal struggle is to become complete people, to reconcile their real feelings and needs with the role society expects them to fulfill as women. It's an impossible task, Lessing tells us, and her women, like Sisyphus, never achieve it.

BUT LESSING doesn't write only to dramatize for her women readers the futility and emptiness of their lives. She is a profoundly political person. She has written much, both in *The*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the only film magazine **rated "M"**



"M" for mature.

SHOW Magazine: it shows and tells you everything fresh and exciting in films and the arts. Underground, aboveground, behind a hand-held camera or at the world's most glamorous film festival — SHOW takes you anywhere anything important is happening.

In its format, too, SHOW Magazine says a lot about the visual arts. Poster-size pages . . . gobs of color . . . exuberant graphics . . . great pictures . . . all make SHOW a grand gallery, stage or theatre, for its special subjects.

If you'd walk out of a movie that bores you, no matter who called it ART . . . if you'd get a kick out of being first to know who's going to play Portnoy . . . if you have your own ideas about the loser-hero gunning for his fate on a motorcycle . . . you'll enjoy seeing SHOW each month.

Critical, witty, nostalgic (what's going to happen when John Wayne wanes?), SHOW is a front-row center insight into all the things you want to know about. Not just in films, but in dance, the visual arts, music and the legitimate theatre. And the people who contribute to SHOW are not outsiders, but men and women who are the real movers and shakers in the arts they write about.

SHOW begins publishing in January, and, for a limited time only it is offering you a Charter Edition subscription for only $6.00 — half the regular newsstand price for these 12 issues. So for a big, beautiful adventure in the lively arts, fill out the coupon and mail it now.

COMING IN SHOW

How Milos Forman came to America to make a movie and wound up owing Paramount $140,000.
The Czech director's own story about Hollywood's paradoxical financial structure.

To be or not to be in love with you.
Best-selling author Anthony Burgess tells about his surrealistic adventures in "mogulland" while working on a movie about Shakespeare.

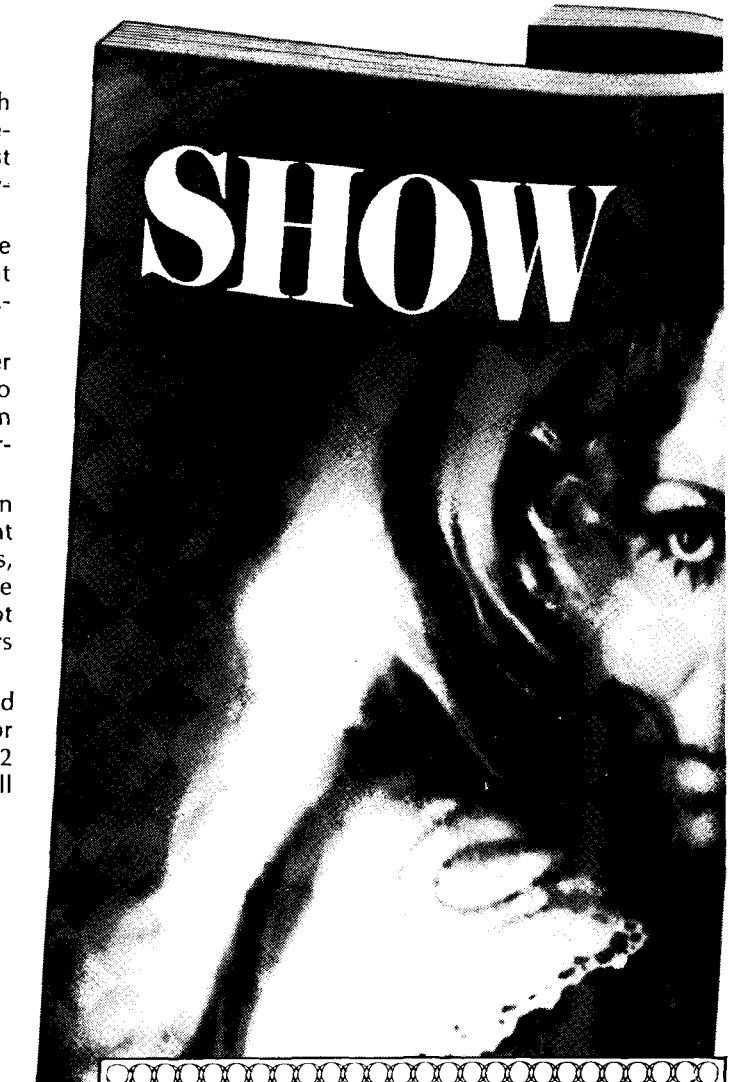
The MGM of the underground.
Robert Christgau turns the hand-held camera on its most successful exponent: Leacock-Pennebaker.

Dede Allen: the force on the cutting room floor.
How America's top film editor *(Rachel, Rachel; Bonnie and Clyde; Alice's Restaurant)* separates the good from the ordinary with a scissors.

The man who loves Lana.
A thirty-year-old art director tells why he keeps 20,000 pictures of Lana Turner in his basement.

Shelley Plimpton: a girl for this season.
Scene-stealer in three hip hits—*Hair, Putney Swope* and *Alice's Restaurant*—Shelley is now starring in Jim McBride's story of the last two hippies alive.

Plus articles by and about: Jonathan Miller, Sir Laurence Olivier, Nicol Williamson, Robert Shaw, Fred Zinnemann, Dirk Bogarde, Robert Bolt, Francois Truffaut, Mike Nichols.



SHOW The Magazine of Film and the Arts

SPECIAL CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION

SHOW, P.O. Box 2869, Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Please send me the Charter Edition of SHOW plus 11 more monthly issues. I understand I will pay only the special Charter price of $6.00 for my one year subscription—½ the newsstand rate of $12. (The regular subscription rate will be $10 per year.)

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

☐ My check is enclosed ☐ Bill me 6-660

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM

The Goddard College Adult Degree Program makes it possible for mature men and women who left college before graduating to complete liberal arts studies and receive the Bachelor of Arts degree. The program involves two-week resident sessions at Goddard every six months, during which students make individual plans for large-scale independent study, to be carried on at home under the supervision of Goddard faculty members. Applicants must be 26 or over, ready and able to work independently on study projects at least 20 hours a week, usually more. Advance standing is granted for previous college study of good quality. For a bulletin and an application blank, write Box R, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667

PROTEST POSTERS

Small Boy with Peace Button	b/w	22x28
Old Grandma Smoking a Joint	b/w	22x28
Madman: Head Rolling a Joint	b/w	23x29
Che Guevara (full face)	color	29x42
Fascist Gun in the West (Reagan)	b/w	22x28
W. C. Fields (in top hat)	b/w	29x42
Wanted: Jesus Christ	b/w	15x20
Desiderata (parchment)	b/w	11x18
Be Prepared (pregnant girl scout)		29x42
Eldridge Cleaver (full face)	b/w	29x42
Huey Newton (seated)	b/w	29x42
Frank Zappa (on toilet)	b/w	22x28
The Beatles: Abbey Road	b/w	23x35
I'ma No Lika Dat Pill (Pope Paul)		11x17
Easy Rider (Peter Fonda)	b/w	23x35

All above posters $1.25 each ppd.

Easy Rider (full color) 23x35 $2.25
Weedies: Breakfast of Champions $2.25
Hundreds more, also peace/zodiac items, illustrated 32-page catalog only 25¢.

Protest buttons: 600 titles. Free list!

Bumperstickers: America: Change it or LOSE it; Dirty Old Men Need Love Too! 50¢ each

The Marijuana Book or How to Grow Pot and Not Get Caught. Illustrated $1.00
Herbal smoking mixes: Get there legally with "Not Pot (but damn close)," "Good as Gold," or "Mixture 69." One oz. pouch $1, all 3/$2.50. Bone hash pipe $2.50

ARIES

Box 666R Capitola, California 95010

Dealer Inquiries Invited

Children of Violence and *The Golden Notebook*, about the experiences of English and African left intellectuals in the Communist Party. Like her neurotic characters, with their newspaper clippings, their maps of wars and famines, charts of world events, notebooks and journals inscribed on their walls, she is obsessed with a craving to make sense of the world. Just as her character Martha is always trying to assimilate the fact that 44 million people were killed in World War II, Lessing is trying to assimilate all the events of her time in history.

The Children of Violence was written over a period of more than 17 years. Martha and the other characters are children of violence because they live in a time when politics and history are inescapable and inextricable from personal life. Martha is born during the first World War; both her marriages take place for reasons induced by the climate surrounding WW II; she goes to live with a family named Coldridge in the Fifties, at a time when their family history is largely determined by the defection of one of the brothers to the Soviet Union. Throughout the books, the internal lives of the characters mirror the political life of the times; the violence of the Cold War and the nuclear arms race is internalized by the characters to such an extent that the latest volume's major concern is insanity.

Nearly everyone in *The Four-Gated City* experiences nervous breakdowns, and Martha herself, like Anna of the *Notebook*, consciously pursues madness in order to explore her own mind. Like other modern writers, Lessing's view of insanity is that only insane men are truly sane, and the sane are insane for denying them. Many people are adjudged mad—"unfit to cope with ordinary life" is the phrase she uses throughout the book—because they hear psychic voices or see hallucinations. But in fact, these people possess a further sense, an extrasensory perception or prophetic power, which will in time come to be valued in those who have it and cultivated in others as a necessity for the continued survival of the race.

The four-gated city is a recurrent vision Martha has throughout her life of an idealized place where men are at peace with other men, with animals, and with ecology. One of her cataclysmic views of the future is that of an ecological disaster, and she theorizes that part of the madness of modern society—the random acts of violence, the wars, the nervous breakdowns—will be found by scientists in the Seventies to have been partially caused by a change in brain chemistry effected by atmospheric poisons and noise and by the poisons in our food.

If there is an artistic failure in Doris Lessing's books, it is their sameness. Much of *The Children of Violence* is reminiscent of the *Notebook*: the neurotic compulsions of the characters concerning news events, the experience of madness, the colonial marriages, the woman alone with a child, the group of Communists which moves in a close community of friendship and then disintegrates—it is almost as though these were all recurrent nightmares from her own life. But the vision of the future Lessing projects in *The Four-Gated City* is so much wider in scope than what she has attempted before that it overwhelms the more psychological explorations of her earlier fiction.

Throughout *The Children of Violence*, political reality is contrasted with Martha's vision of her city and with her lover Thomas's vision of a stable life: a child is born and plays under the elm tree in front of his house, he marries under the elm tree, raises his children under the elm tree and is buried there when he dies. The reality is that we seem to be headed irrevocably toward The Epoch of Destruction. Lessing details the disintegration of English society and its final destruction. In its implications and execution, *The Four-Gated City* is utterly and devastatingly frightening. If we did not always inure ourselves to the implications of what we read in our fiction, the book might have a staggering impact on modern life. But, like the 17th century Puritans who called their prophets witches, we call our prophets madmen, or women's writers.

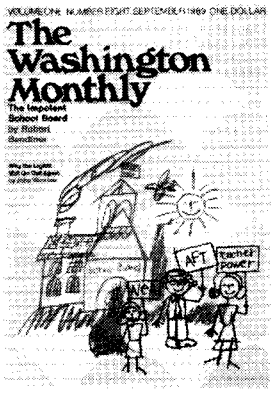
—SUSAN LYDON

THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE: REFLECTIONS ON THE TECHNOCRATIC SOCIETY AND ITS YOUTHFUL OPPOSITION. *By Theodore Roszak. New York: Doubleday, $1.95 and $7.95.*

As behavior and belief within the left have changed over the last few years, so too have the challenges to politically revolutionary thought. At

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mr. President... The Washington Monthly contains a very timely article..."



(J.William Fulbright, on the floor of the U.S. Senate)

In the Congress, in the White House, in the pages of the country's leading newspapers, an exciting new magazine is attracting attention.

It's being noticed, quoted, applauded.

It's called The Washington Monthly.

At its inception last February, The Washington Monthly was called "a bold experiment in political journalism." In less than one year, that experiment has succeeded in illuminating—and influencing—the workings of American government and politics.

The Washington Monthly was the first to point out how the Pentagon could save $9 billion without jeopardizing our national security. The first to explain why rust has grown on the government's fair-employment machinery. The first to describe, in full detail, how the highway lobby blocks the growth of mass transit.

There were other firsts for The Washington Monthly during those tumultuous months of 1969.

There will be many more firsts in 1970—an election year when informed voters can help determine the course of events at home and abroad.

The Washington Monthly stays ahead of the news by getting behind the news—with disciplined fact-finding and analysis. Our contributors have included:

David Broder	**Marcus Raskin**
Jane Jacobs	**Bill Moyers**
Russell Baker	**Hugh Sidey**
Murray Kempton	**Richard Goodwin**
Peter Lisagor	**James C. Thomson, Jr.**

They are backed by an army of sniffers and diggers—young professionals just in or out of government who want to make things better. And know how.

In a time when concerned citizens find themselves dismayed and discouraged by the crises that confound us—poverty, pollution, race tension, student rebellion—more and more readers are finding answers in The Washington Monthly.

Over 30,000 people are now subscribing to it, or buying it off the newsstands. Among them are many important government officials (14 U.S. Senators are paid subscribers; and three copies are delivered to the White House every month), reporters and editors, educators and students.

If you want to stay ahead of the news, if you want to know what you need to know to win some of the political battles you've been losing, help is here—in The Washington Monthly.

Send this coupon for a special money-saving subscription.

The Washington Monthly, 1150 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Dept. R-1, Washington, D. C. 20036

For new subscribers only—one year of *The Washington Monthly* for only $8—1/3 off the newsstand price—a saving of $4. Pay with this subscription; order *now* and receive an additional issue *free*.

☐ $8 payment enclosed. ☐ Please bill me.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLOW YOUR OWN WITHOUT BLOWING YOUR BANKROLL

Most chairs are hardware. Pieces of dead wood and cold steel. Rigid, cumbersome and uncomfortable. Very square.

We offer a substantial alternative. The ultimate in European soft-core design. Smooth as a rolling stone. Comfortable as a natural woman. Made of the finest quality, specially treated, heavy-duty vinyl, in brilliant Coney Island colors. Inflatable, of course.

Chairs like these were advertised in The New York Times for $25. Our price for this incredible inflatable "wet look" chair is only $9.95 plus postage. The same high quality and design of the most expensive inflatable furniture at a fraction of the cost.

Fulmon enterprises
507 FIFTH AVE•NEW YORK 10017

Gentlemen: Cash, check, or money-order enclosed for _____ chair(s) @ $9.95 plus 85¢ for postage and handling each. (Total $10.80)

Color choice:
☐ WHITE ☐ RED
☐ BLUE ☐ BLACK
☐ ORANGE ☐ CRYSTAL
☐ YELLOW

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____

N.Y. residents add sales tax.
©1969 Fulmon Enterprises RAM2

present the most significant of these challenges do not originate in crude notions about the viability of continuing the traditions of American racism and economic imperialism; those traditions have been thoroughly embarrassed by the black insurrections in the cities and by the inhuman absurdities committed in Viet-Nam. Even the "clever" apologists for reactionary belief, charmers like Buckley, are not ingenious enough to extend their arguments beyond their own circles of sycophants. Reactionary belief, therefore, is able to make its greatest advances when traveling under liberal cover. Today the specter of the "radical right" serves merely to divert our attention from the way in which reaction lives on where only the most liberal and "hip" appear to dwell.

Liberalism has always concerned itself chiefly with "morality" and feeling, not power. Consequently, liberals shrink from those direct confrontations which reveal the powerful and the weak, the wealthy and the dispossessed, as the inevitable products of a society fueled by licensed greed. Hence their preoccupation, their bemusement, with those whose pleasure it is to describe the passing enchantments of capitalist culture. It is the liberals who are seduced by the jazzy prose of Tom Wolfe describing the newer trivialities of America; it is they who are diverted by McLuhan as he analyzes the mysterious apparatus, but never the political implications, of space-age machinery and hardware. Liberals delay against the day when those implications will have to be seen for what they are.

And unless your revolutionary optimism is pure, that day might appear to be some years hence. In the meantime, we will be assured by numerous writers that: 1) contemporary cultural distractions are an end in themselves, some of them being portents of great good health; 2) political revolution, because it is so crude and simplistic an idea, is inappropriate to the complexities of life in this country and therefore cannot succeed; or 3) that there is another enemy, far more malevolent and threatening, than the exploitation of one class by another. To each of these ideas liberals will offer their assent.

Theodore Roszak's *The Making of a Counter Culture* is an excellent example of this new kind of conservatism. On the surface, the book is a guided tour of today's youth scene, the author's attempt to describe why young people behave as they do. It includes chapters on those who have influenced the young: Marcuse, Norman O. Brown, Ginsberg, Alan Watts, Leary, and Paul Goodman. On this level, the book is not unlike Lawrence Lipton's *The Holy Barbarians*, which sought to interpret the Beats to the squares of the Fifties. But Lipton was a man breathless with excitement at what he had come across: the Beats were to deliver America from the apathy in which it was entombed. Roszak, on the other hand, picks and chooses among the new prophets and finds a great deal to dislike.

Much of the book reads as an exercise in which Roszak inspects hip ideas for the sole purpose of belittling their devotees. In his considered opinion, the young are an untrustworthy lot. It is only with great condescension that he can come to terms with their pursuits: "... we must be willing, in a spirit of critical helpfulness, to sort out what seems valuable and promising in this dissenting culture, as if indeed it mattered to us whether the alienated young succeeded in their project. Granted this requires a deal of patience." So it is with patience that he steps gingerly along the path made dirty and confused by those "miserably educated," spoiled, and "mindless" young to whom, by some error, wisdom of the greatest value has been entrusted.

In other words, it is perfectly fine if someone as "mature and cultivated" as Aldous Huxley takes mescaline. But it is no good at all if someone young, bereft of credentials, and driven only by what Roszak calls a "vacuous yearning," drops acid. We've heard it all before, from people far more officially authoritarian than Roszak: "I think one must be prepared to take a very strong line on the matter and maintain that there are minds too small and too young for such psychic adventures—and that the failure to recognize this fact is the beginning of disaster."

Roszak is just as disappointed in what the frail and untrustworthy youth have done with another promising line of development: Eastern mysticism. He is pleased to witness its coming of age in the poetry of Allen Ginsberg and in the career of Alan Watts. But alas, he announces, it has spilled out to careless guardians and "one despairs when, as so often happens, the young reduce it in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their ignorance to an esoteric collection of peer-group symbols and slogans, vaguely daring and ultimately trivial."

Back and forth his argument travels, from praise of those who speak as the guiding wizards of youth culture, to a parental condemnation of the young themselves. On the one hand, youth culture is a "saving vision"; on the other, it is the depressing spectacle of young louts reading The Berkeley Barb, selling grass to one another, losing themselves in rhapsodies of pornographic violence, listening to music which is dismayingly loud. Part of Roszak's condemnation grows out of his tendency, as an academician, to take greater pleasure in the abstract ideas behind the phenomena he studies than in the phenomena themselves. Books are better than street people. But his condemnation issues also from a more serious prejudice on his part, a characteristically liberal prejudice against that which is political.

ROSZAK IS CONVINCED that political action, militant action, is irrelevant to real change today. His every reference to *political* change is scornful. The Marxists, pitiful souls, ". . . continue to tend the ashes of the proletarian revolution, watching for a spark to leap forth." Black youths, no wiser and every bit as impotent, are as "culturally old fashioned" as the 19th century to which their nationalistic aspirations properly belong. And European youths, whose activities in Paris and Prague might seem to warrant a different kind of appraisal, are in Roszak's eyes merely "a vanguard without a following."

Militancy is foolish, he explains, because the great enemy of the century is not open to political analysis or change. That enemy is technocracy—an enemy so powerful that it transcends all lines of class and race, all forces of history. The Marxist struggle against exploitation and profiteering is inane because, as Roszak proclaims, ". . . profiteering could be eliminated; the technocracy would remain in force." What, then, is to be done? The answer: to oppose consciousness with consciousness; to fight technocracy with a state of mind which cannot be described in words, but can be characterized as "eyes of flesh, eyes of fire." With what seems a most fragile tool, Roszak counsels us to confront that scientific mentality which, having devoured ideology, now engineers death in a cold and calculating way, shielded from reality by an inhuman jargon. Just *open our minds*.

To counter the scientists, Roszak proposes that we work (but not together, for that would lead us directly back to the obsolete vulgarities of protest) to free ourselves of what he calls "the myth of objective consciousness." It is that myth which has sustained us in our attempts to know, to understand, to describe, to distinguish, to resolve differences and to elicit what is true from what is confused—which is just where we've all gone wrong. Allowing rationality to run free, we have encouraged technocrats to produce bombs, tear gas, pre-fab homes, and bad prose. One measure to be used against these technocrats—which Roszak proposes with a touching absence of irony—would be to read the works of the Romantic poets to them: "Shelley's magnificent essay 'The Defense of Poetry' could still stand muster as a counter cultural manifesto. If only our technicians, our scientists, our experts of all descriptions could be brought face to

Secrets entrusted to a few

The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE are some things that cannot be generally told—*things you ought to know.* Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind,* and *the mastery of life's problems.* Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

THIS FREE BOOK

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings.* Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe H.V.W.

SEND THIS COUPON

Scribe H.V.W.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114

Please send me the *free* book, *The Mastery of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zip Code_____

PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE

The Rosicrucians (AMORC) SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA 95114, U.S.A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWSREEL
Revolutionary
New Films

-S. F. State-On Strike
-Oil Strike
-Free Huey-May Day
-High School Blues
-People's Park
-Cuban Films
-Al Fatah
-U. S. Army
-Vietnamese Films

Send $1.00 for catalogue
S. F. Newsreel
450 Alabama St.
San Francisco, Ca.
94110
NY Newsreel
322 7th Ave.
New York, N. Y.
10001

face with such statements! Surely that would do the trick."

The fact that Roszak is reduced to making such ludicrous statements should suggest how feeble is his doctrine of "consciousness." Armed with this new kind of consciousness, Roszak can do nothing—nothing, that is, which will extend beyond the isolation of his own mind into the arena of actual change where established interests can be threatened and established power disturbed. To proceed in that direction would be, of course, to adopt the Marxist position that "it is not the consciousness of men that determines their being, but, on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness." And it would also mean that technical expertise would be seen not as the worst of all possible enemies, but as an instrument—quite possibly a most helpful instrument—the "evil" or "good" of which is determined by the men who wield it. Technical power, even within the United States, is ultimately beholden to another kind of power: political power controlled by political interests. And it is that power which will be most pleased by the neglect it receives at Roszak's hands.

But the inadequacy of *The Making of a Counter Culture* lies not only in the way it neglects the real political issues and antagonisms of today, nor in the way it patronizes the young. It arises, on a deeper level, from the way that Roszak prescribes "consciousness" as the only relevant term in understanding and curing the many ills of society. Where income is maldistributed, where militarism abounds, where empires are being built—he would offer a change of consciousness. To Marx, whom he finds imprisoned in "compulsive hard-headedness," having misspent his life by poring for "dismal hours . . . over the industrial statistics of the British Blue Books," Roszak would offer, one presumes, the sweet chance of abandoning forever the difficult life of rationality. But those who would accept his offer would best be prepared to forego not only rationality, but also the chance for any power at all.

—WILLIAM M. CHACE

C. WRIGHT MILLS AND THE POWER ELITE. *G. William Domhoff and Hoyt B. Ballard, Eds. Boston: Beacon Press, 1968. $7.50.*

COLLECTIONS OF commentaries on any book, despite the faith they seem to inspire in academic circles, rarely achieve their stated objective of broadening understanding or stimulating interest. Happily, however, *C. Wright Mills and The Power Elite*, a collection of 13 essays by as many writers, has the effect, taken together with the object of its critical attention, of sharpening one's insight into the American scene, often in ways not intended by any of the authors.

The book opens with two sympathetic introductions to Mills—one by Ralph Miliband of the London School of Economics and the other by Eugene V. Schneider of Bryn Mawr College. As Miliband remarks, *The Power Elite* "is one of the very few books to glitter among the grey mass of what, in the United States, passed for social analysis in the frightened fifties."

Mills, a full-fledged sociologist operating out of Columbia University, burst in upon the doldrums of the Eisenhower years in 1956 with *The Power Elite*, in which he maintained that the U.S. is run by a "power elite" of the corporate rich, "warlords," and members of the "polit-

Born Of The Lovely Frank Zappa
His First Solo Album
Name: HOT RATS
Label: Bizarre/Reprise
Date: October 10, 1969
Currently available for adoption

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ical directorate" whose interests converge and who "are in a position to make decisions with terrible consequences for the underlying population of the world."

Several things guaranteed *The Power Elite* immediate attention. In the first place, the title was a piquant novelty in a world well-accustomed to the idea of elites. A *power* elite? Here was something new and dramatic. Beyond this, there was the spectacle of an Ivy League professor, published by Oxford University Press, bawling out the politico-economic establishmentarians in the manner of a top sergeant putting the fear of God into a bunch of rookies. In the shaken words of Harvard's Talcott Parsons (from his essay in the present collection), "The book is a fiery and sarcastic attack on the pretensions of the 'higher circles' in America, either to competence in exercise of their responsibilities, or to moral legitimation of their position." In addition, the subject on which Mills focused —the means and ends of present-day national political power—had been neglected for nearly 20 years. (Of course it was always neglected by American sociologists, most of whom were lost within their own abstract linguistic systems in which there was no pain, dirt, disease or evil to be found.) Finally, going against the sere grain of pseudo-detachment in American sociology, Mills handed out value judgments right and left, like a politician running scared and distributing cigars at a political barbecue. It was as though he wished to atone for the sins of his value-free colleagues in this area. All in all, it made a heady mixture.

Mills' general thesis was that a new power structure had taken shape in the United States, unnoticed by all but himself. Decision-making, long ago widely diffused among a true public and then more narrowly centered among big industrial and financial magnates and their political stooges, was now concentrated at the top of this newly discernible structure.

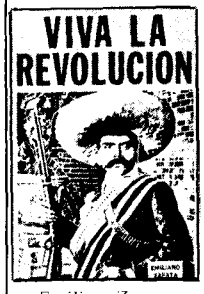
Externally the most novel aspect of the structure was that its "command posts" were dominated by new executive types who possessed nothing more than organizational expertise and surface polish. Internally, and more crucially, these types were to a considerable extent collectively *autonomous*, above the call of any particular interest and devoted to the general interlocking interests of socially dominant elements. These new executive types cracked the whip and supporting elements in the structure (from which the top elite were drawn) jumped through hoops, sat up and begged, and played dead. These supporting elements, all dourly powerful up to a certain point, were the "warlords" of the military, the "corporate rich" (as distinct from the merely "very rich") and the national politicos. These last had themselves moved up on the ladder of power since the New Deal days, but they were still pretty much under the thumbs of the new men of magic technique.

Although drawn from these lower layers, the new Machiavellians at the top were not themselves necessarily big owners (they might or might not be), nor were they necessarily party politicians. They were interchangeably lawyers, bankers, generals, admirals, economists, corporate executives and the like, and they moved from one high post to another like trouble-shooters. What they presumably had was masterful know-how and can-do. What they were doing, moreover, was to produce, devoid of any humanistic bothers, what was later to become known as the warfare-welfare state and the military-industrial complex.

"Viva La Revolucion"

17" X 23" POSTERS OF VILLA AND ZAPATA

heroes of the Mexican Revolution, sold as a fund raising project by the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee.



Emiliano Zapata (black on red)

Pancho Villa (black on brown)

Send $1.50 for each poster (or $5.00 for 5 posters) plus 25¢ for postage and handling to: EL MALCRIADO, UFWOC, P. O. Box #130z, Delano, Ca 93215.

Please send me ____ Zapata posters and ____ Villa posters:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SUPPORT THE FARMWORKERS

Don't Buy Grapes!

ASTRO-STRATEGY~
HOW TO SUCCEED WITH WOMEN THROUGH THE ZODIAC by mary catherine leo
A NEAT LITTLE LOVE GUIDE FOR THE AWARE MALE. LOADED WITH TIPS AND HINTS AS TO SPECIFIC LIKES AND DESIRES OF WOMEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE DIFFERENT ZODIACAL SIGNS; ASTROLOGICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SIGNS GIVING PERSONALITY TRAITS OF EACH; APPROPRIATE SEX TIPS WITH MANY USABLE IDEAS FOR APPROACH INSURING SUCCESS. $1.00 each

D.M.T. GUIDE···
DRUG MANUFACTURING FOR FUN AND PROFIT BY MARY JANE SUPERWEED IS THE SEQUEL TO THE MARIJUANA CONSUMERS & DEALERS GUIDE. TELLS HOW TO MAKE D.M.T.- A POWERFUL SMOKEABLE INSTANT PSYCHEDELIC HIGH. ALSO, HOW TO TURN GRASS INTO AN APHRODISIAC. TIPS ON GROWING SUPERIOR GRASS. IMPORTANT INFO ON HASH, THE HONEST DEALERS TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND MARY JANE'S OWN MACROBIOTIC RECIPE FOR SUPER HASH CANDY. $1.00 each

SUPERMOTHER'S COOKING WITH GRASS NO.2
TWELVE DELIGHTFULLY FAR OUT WAYS OF PREPARING THE LEAF FOR CULINARY SCENTUAL INGESTION··· INCLUDING UNIQUE AND DELICIOUS FISH AND CHIPS, RICE AND CHILI RECIPES. $1.00 per book

MARIJUANA CONSUMERS & DEALERS GUIDE
TELLS HOW TO EXTRACT HASHISH FROM MARIJUANA··· LSD FROM MORNING GLORY, MESCALINE FROM PEYOTE, TURN INFERIOR POT INTO SUPER GRASS, HOW NOT TO GET BURNED, TEST FOR THC, WHAT TO DO ABOUT SUGARED GRASS, WARNINGS. $1.00 per book

THE POT BOOK
THE HISTORY, CULTIVATION, AND PREPARATION OF THE ILLEGAL DRUG MARIJUANA··· INCLUDING CARTOONS, ILLUSTRATIONS AND A SPECIAL SECTION ON GROWING YOUR OWN.
$1.00 per book

HURRY! WHILE THEY LAST!
FILL OUT CLIP AND SEND THIS STRIP WITH CASH CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO: FLASH···
BOX 16425· SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94116

INDICATE NO. DESIRED
☐ ASTRO-STRATEGY
☐ D.M.T. GUIDE
☐ SUPERMOTHER'S
☐ MARIJUANA DEALERS
☐ POT BOOK
DEALERS INQUIRE... MANY OTHER HEAD GOODIES●

PLEASE ADD 25¢ FOR + .25 HANDLING ____
AMOUNT ENCLOSED $
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP ____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIGHT ON!

#1 16" x 22" (full color) $1.50

#2 16" x 21" (3 color) $1.50

MORRIS-GREENE POSTERS
P.O. BOX 27158
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 94127

Add 25¢ for postage & handling

"The best guide yet published to the meaning of youthful dissent"
—Newsweek

"I can hardly imagine a more valuable guide to human problems as they confront us in the latter decade of this twentieth century."—*Alan Watts, S. F. Examiner*

THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE
THEODORE ROSZAK
$7.95; $1.95 paperbound at all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY

WHILE ALL THE ESSAYS in the Domhoff-Ballard book are interesting in various ways, it seems to me that Robert S. Lynd, in "Power in the United States," puts his finger on the fundamental weakness of *The Power Elite*. "The book," he says, "reads as though it were written by two people: one with a relatively sure grasp of the realities of a capitalist society, and the other bewitched by the plausible appeal of a book on elites; and that the two never got together, but the man at work on elites succeeded in blurring and impairing what the other had to say."

"Elite analysis," Lynd goes on to say, "is popular among sociologists nowadays. Its popularity derives, I believe, quite as much from the things it enables an analyst to avoid, as from the things it enables him to do. Most important, it provides a glittering focus above common, troublesome things like capitalism and the class structure of the capitalist society." The point is that elite analysis doesn't get anywhere. Every kind of group has elites, even hoboes. So what? The idea that among power-wielders some have more power and are thus an elite, while of course accurate, is not in itself very significant or new. But it does allow one to avoid confronting the real *nature* of that elite: the unpleasant fact that American society is run by a ruling class whose power is based on inherited wealth.

To me one of the interesting by-products of this book and of Mills' own *The Power Elite* is the revelation of the extent to which leading sociologists are unaware of certain fundamentally established, significant facts about American society. In his book Mills tells of the great lengths to which he went, without success, to ascertain the identities of the very rich in American society. For data he was in desperation forced to fall back on a host of sub-academic miscellaneous writers, many of them mere journalists without academic halos. He was apparently totally unaware of the monumental study in 24 volumes of the Temporary National Economic Committee (U.S. Senate, 1941) or of the voluminous continuous record of the United States Securities and Exchange Commission.

Indeed, Mills studied American society much as the Kremlinologists study Russia—from a distance and as an outsider. And he was sloppy about facts. As is shown in the very good contribution to this collection by Richard Rovere, Washington correspondent for The New Yorker, he could have gone to Washington and talked to members of the press corps, who know off-the-record where many bodies are buried. He could have spent $50 on telephone calls and come up with a wealth of leads to hard data.

A. A. Berle Jr. also has an essay in the book. Although he tolerantly rejects most of Mills' dark conclusions about American society, he is, not astonishingly, very kind to Mills, in whom he sees his own chief fantasy (as set forth in *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*) reflected and even magnified. Berle's title is "Are the Blind Leading the Blind?" In sociology, at least, they clearly are.

Mills owed more to Berle and to Berle's co-author Gardiner C. Means than has been recognized. For he took from them, or so it seems to me, the factually untenable thesis of managerial corporate control (i.e., that the corporations are controlled by their professional managerial elites rather than by their owners). Mills added to this the James Burnham thesis of the managerial revolution and then moved the whole show from the corporations to Washington.

As elite sociologists appear to take the Berle-Means thesis as gospel, it should be noted that (1) their conclusions go against the data they cite, (2) the data are now obsolete, and (3) the thesis is falsified by the news on the financial pages almost every day.

The corporations considered to be under "management control" in the Berle-Means study were merely companies with many stockholders; the authors *assumed* that this stock was so diffusely dispersed that the owners wielded no power. More recent pinpoint studies show that although a corporation's stock may be widely owned in small quantities, there is invariably a decisive concentration of holdings in a very few hands.

Moreover, in many of the companies which Berle cites as being under management control, such as the New York Central Railroad, the managements were later thrown out unceremoniously by large stockholding interests. In certain instances there may be an illusion of management control because the stock owners do not *exercise* their control, but instead permissively allow management to run the show. But in fact it is stock ownership which controls cor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**100,000 signed this Declaration during the JOHNSON Administration.
NIXON is allowing death and destruction to continue and to increase.
Pressure and action against the war are needed.**

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
RAY BRADBURY
ROBERT McAFFEE BROWN
REV. WILLIAM H. DU BAY
JAMES FARMER
W. H. FERRY
DR. JEROME D. FRANK
REV. STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
BEN GAZZARA
DR. FRED GOLDSTEIN
NAOMI L. GOLDSTEIN
DR. RALPH R. GREENSON
PROF. ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL
BRIG. GENERAL H. B. HESTER, RET.
DR. STANLEY HOFFMAN
TERESSA B. HOFFMAN
CHARLES H. HUBBEL
SANDER L. JOHNSON, ESQ.
PROF. DONALD KALISH
EDWARD M. KEATING
PHIL KERBY
RING LARDNER, JR.
RABBI RICHARD N. LEVY
LOUIS LICHT, ESQ.
DR. ROBERT E. LITMAN
VICTOR LUDWIG
HERBERT D. MAGIDSON
SHIRLEY MAGIDSON
NORMAN MAILER
THOMAS MERTON
SIDNEY MEYER
EASON MONROE
PROF. HANS J. MORGENTHAU
HENRY E. NILES
DR. MARK F. ORFIRER
AVA HELEN PAULING
DR. LINUS PAULING
BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE
RICHARD M. POWELL
CARL REINER
JANICE RULE
ROBERT RYAN
DAVID SCHOENBRUN
LORRY SHERMAN
PROF. ROBERT SIMMONS
DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK
FRED H. STEINMETZ, ESQ.
DR. NORMAN TABACHNICK
D. IAN THIÉRMANN
BRYNA IVENS UNTERMEYER
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
DICK VAN DYKE
ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
DR. HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

signature _____

For clarity, also print your name after your signature

address _____ date _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Sign, complete and mail to P.O. Box 69960, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.

Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. . . . This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem, the wallet-size registration card and four personalized letter replicas of the Declaration for you to individually send on to the President and your U.S. senators and congressman. Money is needed to speed our progress.

The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

TEAR OUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINE AND MAIL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

porations, and never the non-owning management.

I ask the reader not to believe me on this point but to turn to the daily press. It is evident every day in the present feverish phase of the long-term merger movement that when a new stockholder, corporate or individual, acquires a large owning interest, the management either walks the plank, is distributed elsewhere, or is retained by the explicit leave of the new owner. Corporate managements all over the country, when they hear a new big stockholder is taking a hand, tremble in their boots and appeal in full-page ads to small stockholders not to sell out so that they can hold their jobs. Now if management and not stock were the ultimate controller (we may concede that management is in charge of day-to-day operations), none of this would happen. But happen it does—even to very large companies such as the United Fruit Company, the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation and Armour and Company. While management counts up to a certain point, *ownership* is what counts *most*, and in all showdowns. Berle, however, is so entranced by his fantasy that he has written a book titled *Power Without Property* (1959). Propertyless academicians seem fascinated by this idea, and apparently no amount of concrete refutation will lead them to relinquish it.

Be the Ramparts man on your campus!

Make bread by being our man at your school—selling subscriptions, placing orders with newsstands and bookstores, and so on.

For details write:

Norman Hirsch
Co-Director, College Promotion
Box C
Stanford, California 94305

THE ESSAYS I THOUGHT particularly good, along with those by Lynd and Rovere, were those by Philip Rieff and Dennis Wrong—the latter's being a succinct statement of the Millsian thesis with some marginal observations. Analytically the essays by the Marxists Herbert Aptheker and Paul M. Sweezy are very much to the point, although Aptheker cannot avoid bringing some Marxist fantasies to the fore, such as the one about "the social and personal immorality of the rich, their coarseness, cruelty, hypocrisy, greed, and lustfulness." One can replace "rich" by "masses" in this statement, with John Adams applauding in his grave, and be just as much on target. Sweezy is more germane, it seems to me, when he says that "what is reprehensible about the rich is not that they enjoy the good things of life but that they use their power to maintain a system which needlessly denies the same advantages to others."

Although he feels that there is something to be salvaged from Mills, Domhoff, in his roundup essay, cannot dismiss the fact that Mills did not come off very well at the hands of his critics, whatever their personal hang-ups. First, Mills' notion of a unity in his power elite (who in my view are no more than lone-wolf agents of big owners) was unacceptable to virtually all his critics. There just is no unified elite of power but, instead, much hostile maneuvering and backbiting among these agents at the top.

Of course the pluralist critics in the book feel that Mills gave too much emphasis to the rich. As one would expect, they downplay the rich and even seem to imply that they don't exist (which is amusing). Like Mills, however, the pluralists embrace the managerial revolution. Along with Talcott Parsons, Daniel Bell believes that inheritance is no longer the avenue to power and that wealth is no longer its basis. Yet I could take both of them by the hand and lead them to a recent Federal Reserve Board study which shows that 61 per cent of big wealth-holders inherited all or a goodly part of their nesteggs, holdings which in scores of cases comprise a flotilla of large corporations. It seems clear to me, if not to Harvard professors, that such inherited or acquired ownership confers a great deal of power.

All the critics—liberals, pluralists, radicals and detached free-lance highbrows—unanimously agreed that Mills had to a great extent misread the role of the military. Mills evidently disliked the military and, finding many military people around in the backwash of a big war (which is always the case), he made them major villains in his script.

None of the critics attempts to explain how a sociologist, if he were working with any semblance of data, could make such a gross overestimation of a group role. Such a glaring error could be perpetrated only by a person powerfully gripped by an *ideé fixe*, blind to the intelligence of others.

Not much is left of anything specifically and typically Millsian after all these critics get through—only the rich (if those), the politicians and the masses. But we knew all that before. And none of them (or their agents) appears to be overly concerned about the lame, the halt, the blind, the impoverished and the lonesome. We also knew that.

In his conclusion Domhoff suggests retaining the idea of a power elite in modified form. He wants to stipulate that "the corporate elite, who, according to recent research, control those institutions considered 'major' by Mills, make up the controlling core of the power elite. . . . According to this view, the power elite can be defined more explicitly as 'politically, economically, and culturally active members of the social upper class and high-level employees in institutions controlled by members of the upper class.' " This, however, was not Mills' vision.

By defining the elite in this fashion, Domhoff believes he may have found a bridge between the radical and pluralist positions. "In this sense, it is a modification and extension of the concept of a 'ruling class.' "

For my part I don't see what is gained by this strategy except to get rid of the troublesome concept of a ruling class, which pluralists dislike because they don't like to feel they are ruled, especially by members of a class. The politically serious person prefers plain language to sociological jargon.

—FERDINAND LUNDBERG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oh! Calcutta!

SAMUEL BECKETT
JULES FEIFFER
DAN GREENBURG
JOHN LENNON
JACQUES LEVY
LEONARD MELFI
DAVID NEWMAN and
ROBERT BENTON
SAM SHEPARD
CLOVIS TROUBILLE
KENNETH TYNAN
SHERMAN YELLEN
they've been there.

Gentlemen unparalleled in contemporary music, poetry and prose. Each unique in the world; uniquely represented in the original cast album of Oh! Calcutta!

Available at record centers everywhere for your pleasure. Enjoy this album today in the comfort of your home. Behind closed doors

From Aidart Records

aidart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peace in Chicago is deceptive, like in Spain. Dissent is regularly stifled. Police force and violence greet the least sign of independence, as you all have seen in living color. City Hall runs everything including the people. It makes no difference that Ovid Demaris writes a book—*Captive City*—conclusively showing the deep connections between Chicago politics and the crime syndicate. Who cares? What is lucrative to some is meekly accepted by most.

This make-believe peace is not what the angel is talking about. That's real peace. The little people in Chicago know the difference. Since they are the ones who are regularly plundered, daily harassed, and otherwise kept in line. What happened to Bobby Seale could only happen in Chicago. It is a racial thing. The City is afraid of black folks. Anytime they start to get together, they are busted.

The First Presbyterian Church of Chicago knows the difference between real and make-believe peace. Not because we study the Bible but because we too have been busted. As soon as we departed established power and stood with the little people right around us and supported them in their drive for freedom, well, we soon felt the full weight of official wrath. We have been raided, maligned, lied about, set on fire, flooded, and finally hauled before a Senate Investigating Committee, there made to appear as criminals before an astonished nation. That is the way Chicago deals with the little people, especially if they are black, and interested in real peace. They get busted.

Recently a distinguished Committee of The Presbytery of Chicago fully vindicated us. Our good name is once more clear. But vindication does not automatically lead to peace, even though we feel good about it.

Peace comes when aroused little people, no longer afraid of retaliation or harassment, begin to pool their strength against a tyrannous establishment. That is the Chicago scene right now. The brothers are getting together. First Church stands right out there with them, performing tremendously expensive and necessary support services. We need money for these programs. Lots more money than we have or can raise. We are asking peace-loving folks all over the country to help us get the money together to help the people stand up and win their promised peace. It's the best reason for Christmas since it was invented.

Contributions Should Be Mailed To:
Community Program Fund
First Presbyterian Church
6400 South Kimbark Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60637

For progress reports please include return address.

This advertisement paid for by Friends of First Presbyterian Church, Chicago. Contributions tax exempt.

Peace On Earth

(including Chicago)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED